



FEATURING A NEW STAR...COWBOY SAHIB!



No 26  
DEC.

# THE HOODED HORSEMAN

10¢

NEW...  
BLAZING...  
DIFFERENT!  
**Cowboy Sahib!**  
...THE WYOMING  
WADDIE WHO DARED  
JUNGLE PERILS...  
for an  
EMPIRE!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



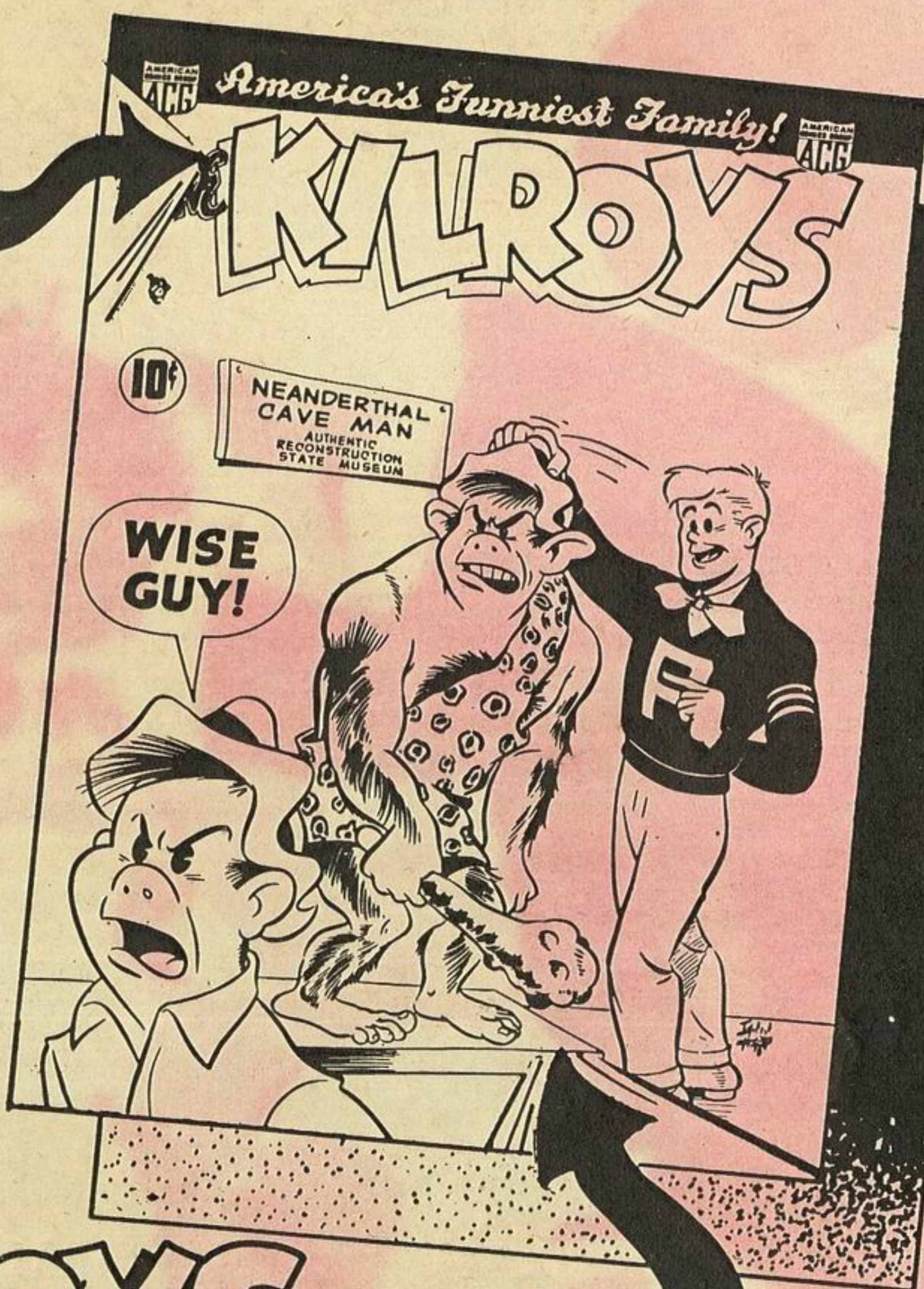
# KILROY @ HERE!

IN A SENSATIONAL SMASH  
COMICS MAGAZINE THAT'S  
TURNED THE TOWN TOPSY-  
TURVY!

## *The* KILROYS

HOT OFF THE PRESS AND  
A BOMBSHELL OF BELLY-  
LAFFS... SO BUY YOUR  
COPY NOW! LATCH ON TO  
'NATCH', THE TERRIFIC TEEN-  
AGER! MEET JUDY, HIS LITTLE  
LOVIN' OVEN... JACKSON, THE  
DOWNBEAT ATOM BOMB--AND  
MOM AND POP KILROY, IN  
PERSON!

THEY'RE ALL ON HAND FOR  
GIGGLES! SO IF YOU WANT  
TO SAY **KILROY WAS  
HERE**, AND MEAN IT,



## Read *The* KILROYS

*America's Funniest Family!*

10¢

ON ALL  
STANDS

and

YOU'D BETTER  
**HURRY!**





**Y**ou've thrilled to sagas of the old west--tensed to tales of the flaming frontier where Judge Colt was law and badmen and painted Injuns ruled the plains! Now get set for spine-tingling western action that's **NEW**-- that's **DIFFERENT**! Gone are chuckwagons, dogies and bunkhouses! In their place, amazingly, you'll find tigers, cobras, sinister natives! And pitted against the deadly dangers of the mysterious jungles of India, a ripsnorting buckaroo such as you've **NEVER** met -- **COWBOY SAHIB!**

**TIME: WORLD WAR II. PLACE: AN ALLIED AIR-FIELD IN THE C.B.I. THEATRE. AND, AS USUAL-- HIGH BRASS SOUNDING OFF--**



GOOD THING I GOT HERE IN TIME TO REVIEW YOUR PERSONNEL BEFORE THEY LEFT ON THEIR MISSION! YOUR OUTFIT'S SLOPPY, MAJOR-- **SLOPPY!** THE MEN HAVE TO TOE THE MARK AND DO THINGS THE **ARMY** WAY-- NO PRIMADONNAS!



ONE WAY I TELL A REAL ARMY MAN IS BY HIS SHOES! WELL-SHINED, REGULAR G.I. ISSUE! LOOKS LIKE EVERYTHING'S ROGER HERE ---



**ULP!**





WHO -- WHAT --  
IS THIS, MAJOR?  
WHAT'S HE TRYING  
TO DO -- MAKE A  
**LAUGHING STOCK**  
OUT OF THE  
SERVICE?



ER -- THAT'S  
**COWBOY**  
**KING, SIR --**  
JOE KING --  
ONE OF OUR  
BEST PILOTS!  
HE'S -- AH --  
FROM  
WYOMING --

I DON'T CARE  
**WHERE HE'S**  
FROM -- **LOOK**  
AT HIM! AND  
LOOK AT HIS  
PLANE!  
COMPLETELY  
UNORTHODOX!  
AGAINST  
ARMY  
REGULATIONS!



**YOU!** YOU'RE JUST A SHOWBOAT,  
THAT'S WHAT! HAND OVER THAT  
RIDICULOUS SOMBRERO AND THOSE  
GUNS -- WE'RE NOT GOING TO WIN  
THIS WAR BY  
**WESTERN**  
METHODS!  
THAT WILL  
BE ALL!



AND AS A SHORN COWBOY  
DEPARTED ON HIS MISSION --

THAT BIG BABOON!  
IF HE ONLY KNEW YOUR  
RECORD -- HOTTEST  
ROCK PILOT IN  
THE C.B.I. --

THE  
GOLDURN  
CUSS TOOK  
MUH STETSON  
AN' MUH GUNS --  
AN' IF HE'D ONLY  
KNOWN MUH ROPE  
WAS IN THE PLANE,  
HE'D O'TAKEN THAT,  
TOO! CONSARN  
IT, HE'S RILED  
UP MUH DANDER --  
I GOTTA WORK  
IT OFF SOME  
WAY!

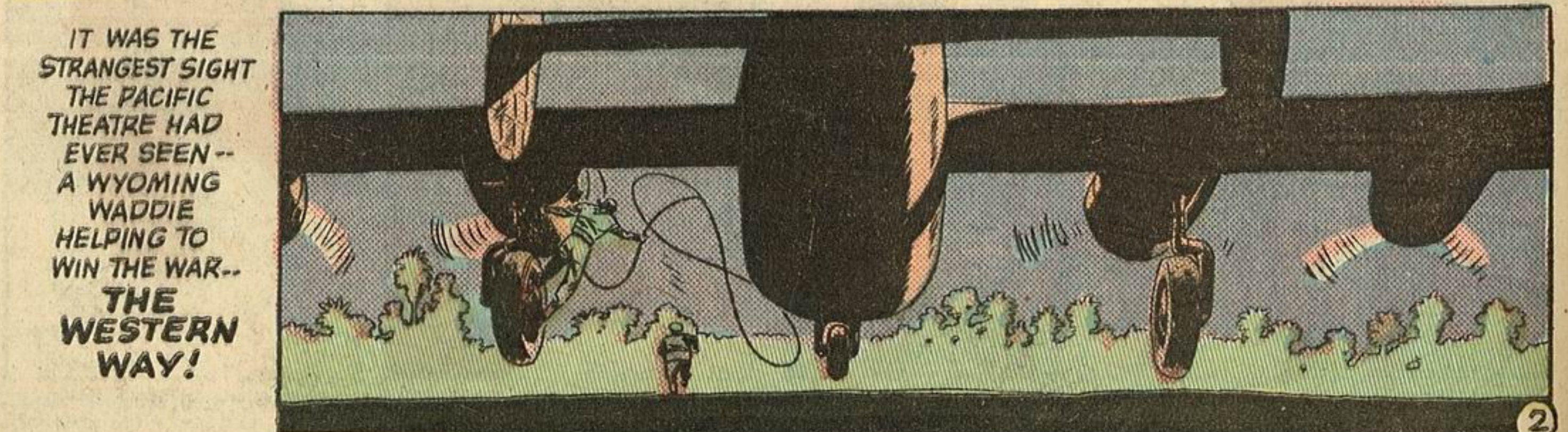


IT WAS A SURPRISE RAID THAT  
HIT MARANA ISLAND, BLASTING  
JAP INSTALLATIONS WITH  
DEADLY EFFECT!



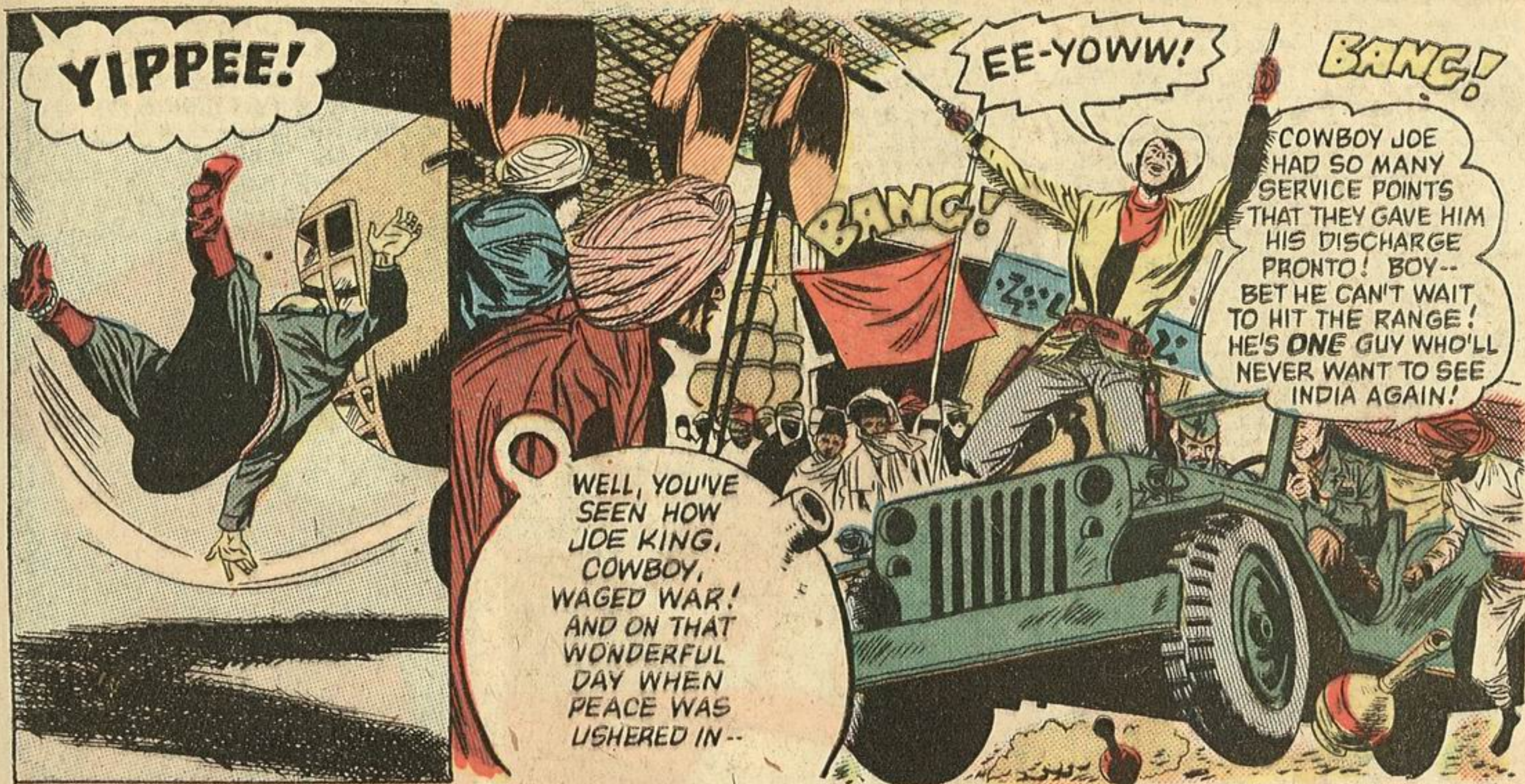
WHAT ARE YOU  
TAKING HER DOWN  
FOR? SINCE WHEN  
DOES A BOMBER  
GO IN FOR  
STRAFING?

STOW IT -- I'M  
SPILIN' FER  
TROUBLE! ONE  
O' THEM  
WADDIES SCUTTIN'  
FER SHELTER DOWN  
THAR LOOKS LIKE  
JAP TOP BRASS!  
TAKE OVER! I'M  
A-GONNA WORK  
SOME OF THE  
MIS'RY OUTA MUH  
ROPIN' ARM!



IT WAS THE  
STRANGEST SIGHT  
THE PACIFIC  
THEATRE HAD  
EVER SEEN --  
A WYOMING  
WADDIE  
HELPING TO  
WIN THE WAR --  
**THE  
WESTERN  
WAY!**





IT WAS A CHALLENGE THAT JOE COULDN'T REFUSE! HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT HE WAS PITTED AGAINST A HOOFED DEMON, A FIGHTING WHIRLWIND --

NO, THERE'D NEVER BEEN A HORSE LIKE THIS! IT CALLED FOR GUTS, FOR WESTERN KNOW-HOW -- AND A SPECIALIST ANSWERED THE CALL!

AND SO THE HORSE WAS BROKEN, THE BATTLE WON! NOW A NEW BATTLE COMMENCED -- GAMBLING FOR THE GREAT STALLION --





THE SULTAN'S BLOOD WAS UP -- HE LUSTED FOR REVENGE! BUT HE WAS UP AGAINST A MASTER POKER-PLAYER, WHO'D LEARNED THE FINE POINTS IN BUNKHOUSES THROUGHOUT THE WEST! HAND AFTER HAND WENT AGAINST HIM -- UNTIL --

CONFOUND YOU, INFIDEL -- YOU'VE WON AGAIN! THAT'S THE LAST OF MY CASH!

TOUGH LUCK, SULTAN! BUT SAY, THAT RING O' YORES -- IT KINDA FASCINATES ME! TELL YUH WHAT, I'LL PLAY YUH FER THAT!



FOOL! KNOW THAT THIS IS NO MERE RING, BUT THE SYMBOL OF A REALM ITSELF -- AND HE WHO WEARS IT CAN CLAIM IT FOR HIS OWN!



ALL I KNOW IS IT'S A MIGHTY PURTY RING, AN' I COTTON TUH OWN IT! I'M WILLIN' TUH PUSH MUH LUCK A MITE FURTHER AN' GIVE YUH A CHANCE TUH EVEN UP! ALL MY WINNINGS, OUTSIDE O' THE HOSS -- AGAINST THAT RING! WE'LL CUT FER HIGH CARD!

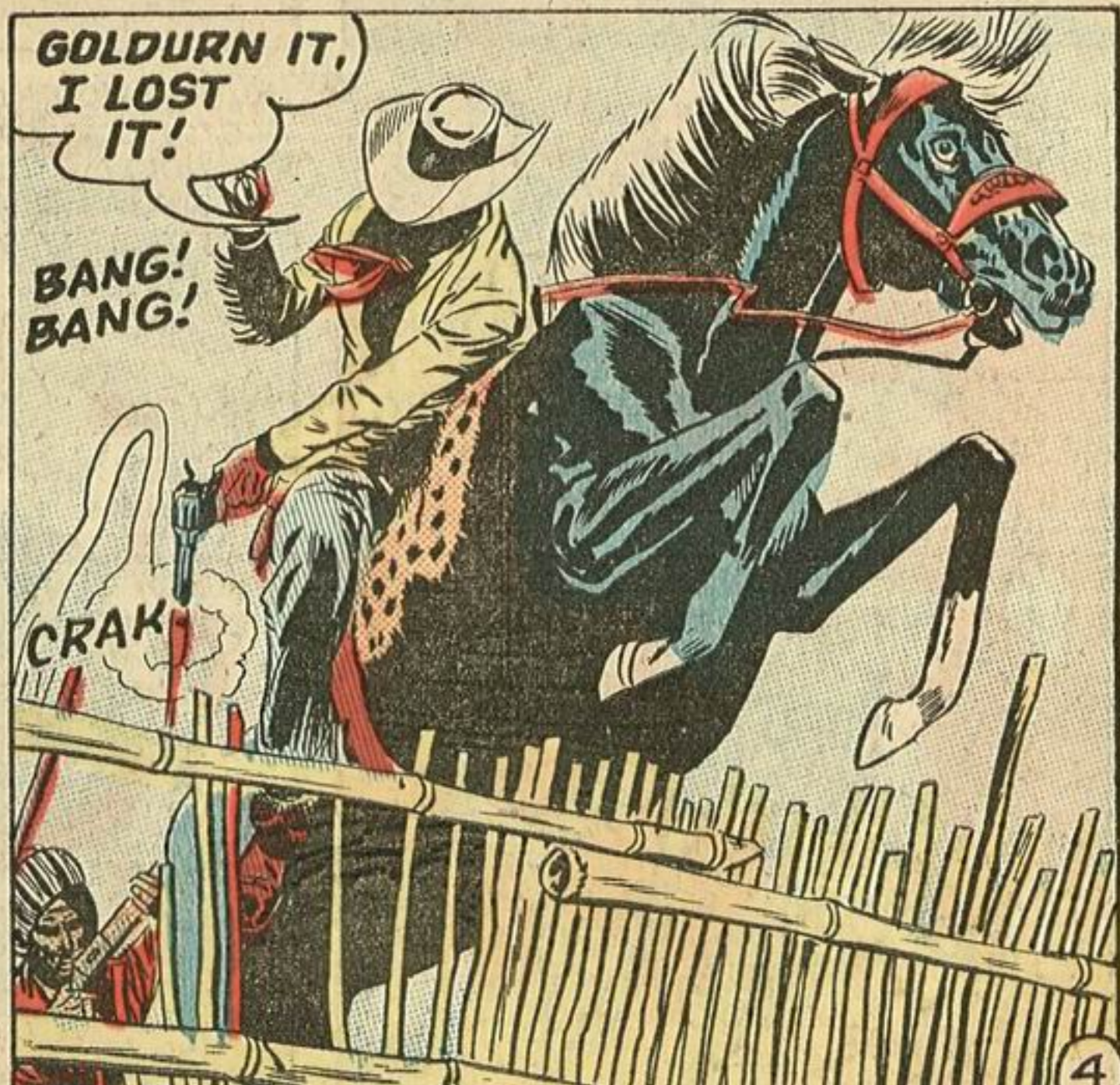
-- BUT BEFORE WE CUT, I'LL HELP MUHSELF TUH THIS ACE YUH'VE BEEN WAITIN' FER A CHANCE TUH USE! BETTER PLAY FAIR AND DON'T RILE ME -- OR --



A HEALTHY RESPECT FOR THE COWBOY'S '45'S MADE THE INDIAN RULER MASK HIS VENOMOUS HATRED! THE CUT PROCEEDED -- AND --



BUT WITH CHAIN-LIGHTNING SPEED --



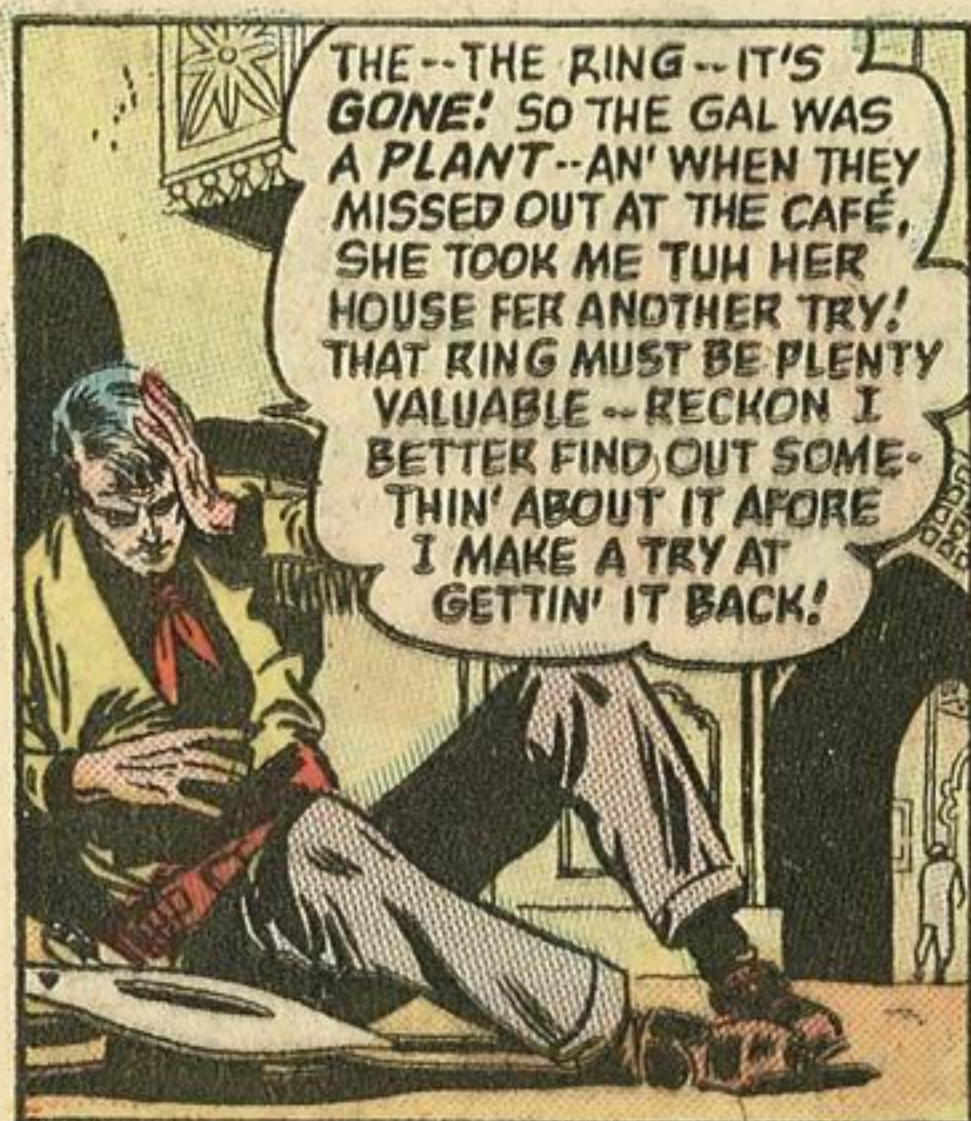


AND SO COWBOY JOE WON A HORSE--  
AND A RING! THE THIRD THING  
THAT CAME HIS WAY, NEXT DAY, WAS  
AN ANONYMOUS NOTE! MAYBE HE  
SHOULD HAVE SENSED TROUBLE--BUT  
HE WAS NEVER ONE FOR WORRYING---



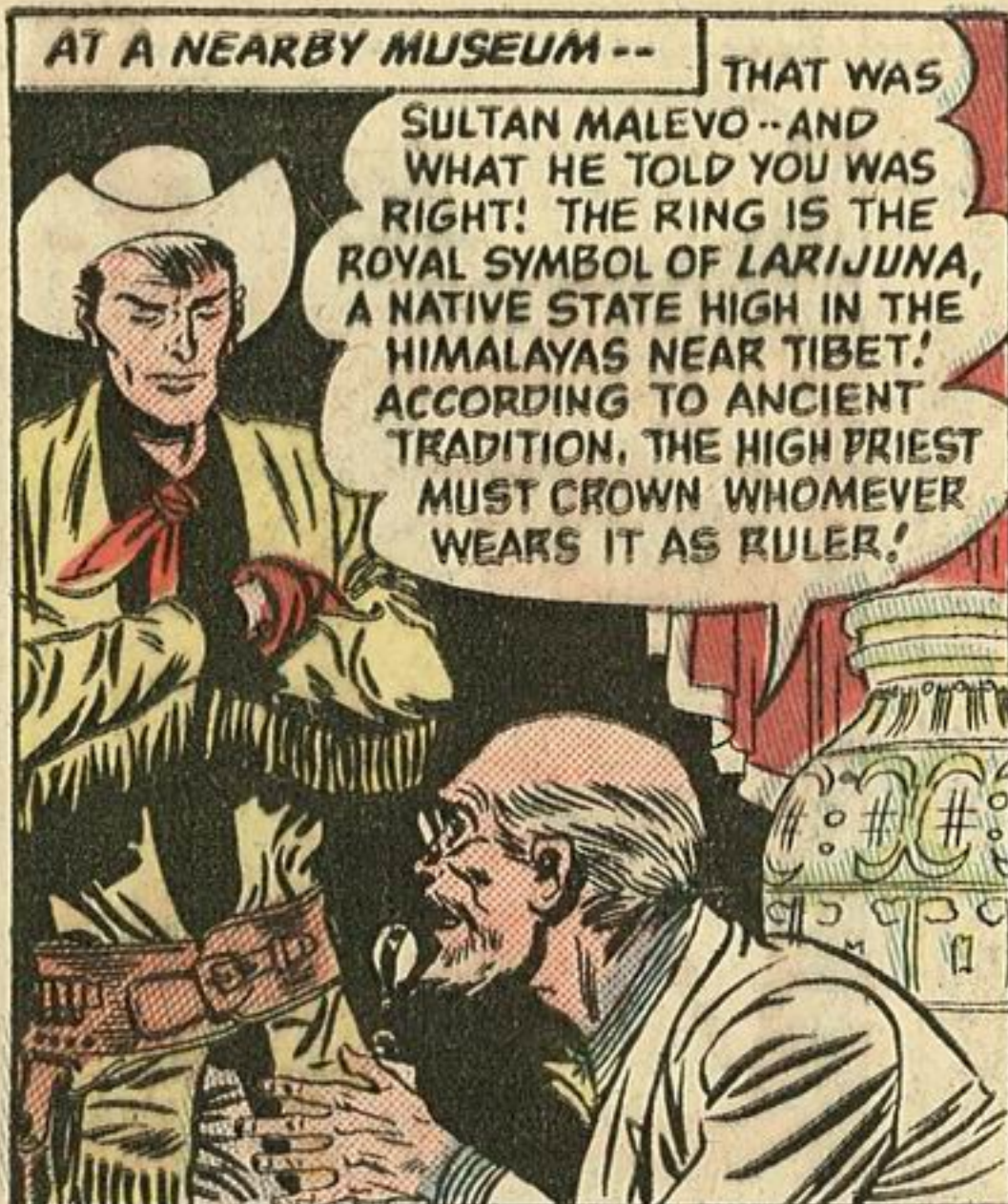


IT WAS HOURS LATER WHEN JOE RECOVERED -- IN A DARK AND DISTANT ALLEY --



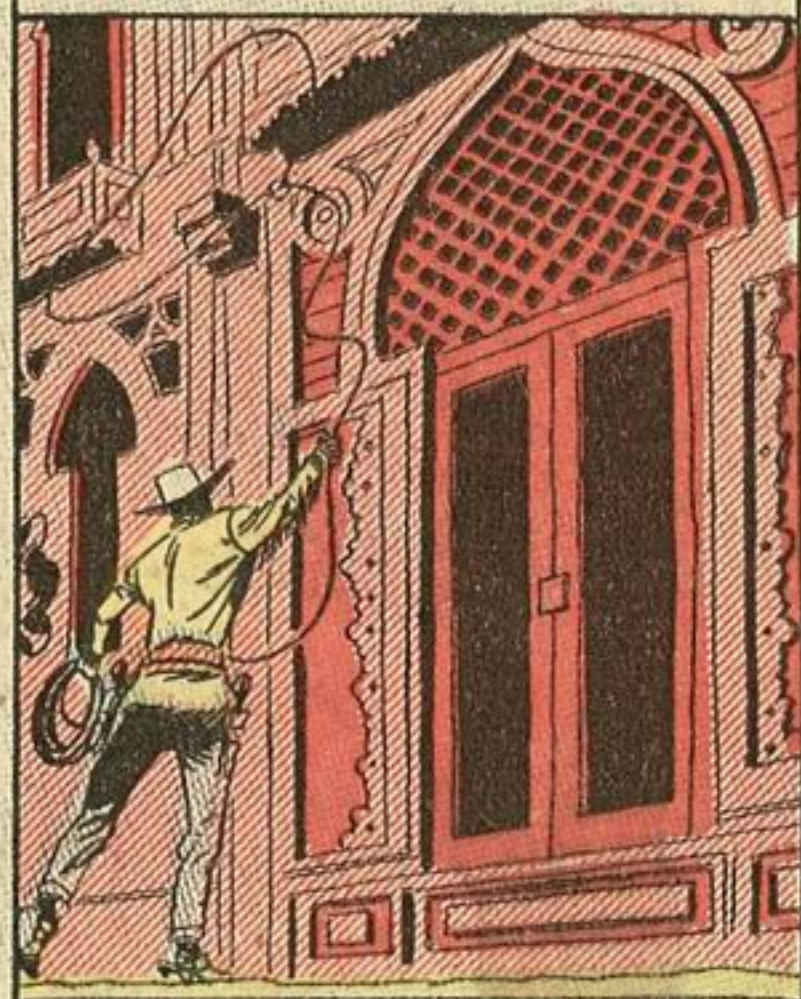
THE--THE RING--IT'S GONE! SO THE GAL WAS A PLANT--AN' WHEN THEY MISSED OUT AT THE CAFÉ, SHE TOOK ME TUH HER HOUSE FER ANOTHER TRY! THAT RING MUST BE PLENTY VALUABLE -- RECKON I BETTER FIND OUT SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT AFORE I MAKE A TRY AT GETTIN' IT BACK!

AT A NEARBY MUSEUM --



THAT WAS SULTAN MALEVO -- AND WHAT HE TOLD YOU WAS RIGHT! THE RING IS THE ROYAL SYMBOL OF LARIJUNA, A NATIVE STATE HIGH IN THE HIMALAYAS NEAR TIBET! ACCORDING TO ANCIENT TRADITION, THE HIGH PRIEST MUST CROWN WHOMEVER WEARS IT AS RULER!

AND SO, WITHIN THE MIND OF COWBOY JOE KING, A STRANGE RESOLVE WAS BORN! IT CARRIED HIM BACK TO THE NEPAL CAFÉ, WHERE --



WE WOULD HAVE SLAIN HIM AS YOU ORDERED, EXCELLENCY -- BUT THE GIRL TURNED SOFT!

THE INFIDEL SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN ALLOWED TO LIVE, FOOL! THE RING -- GIVE IT TO ME!



HOLD IT, YUH SIDE-WINDIN' RUSTLERS! I'LL TAKE THAT EMERALD!



AS FER YOU, ALMITA, MEBBE YUH STOPPED 'EM FROM KILLIN' ME, BUT YUH'RE STILL A JEZEBEL -- A LYIN', NO-GOOD FEMALE -- AN' I HOPE I NEVER SEE YUH --

BEHIND YOU! LOOK OUT!



BANG!

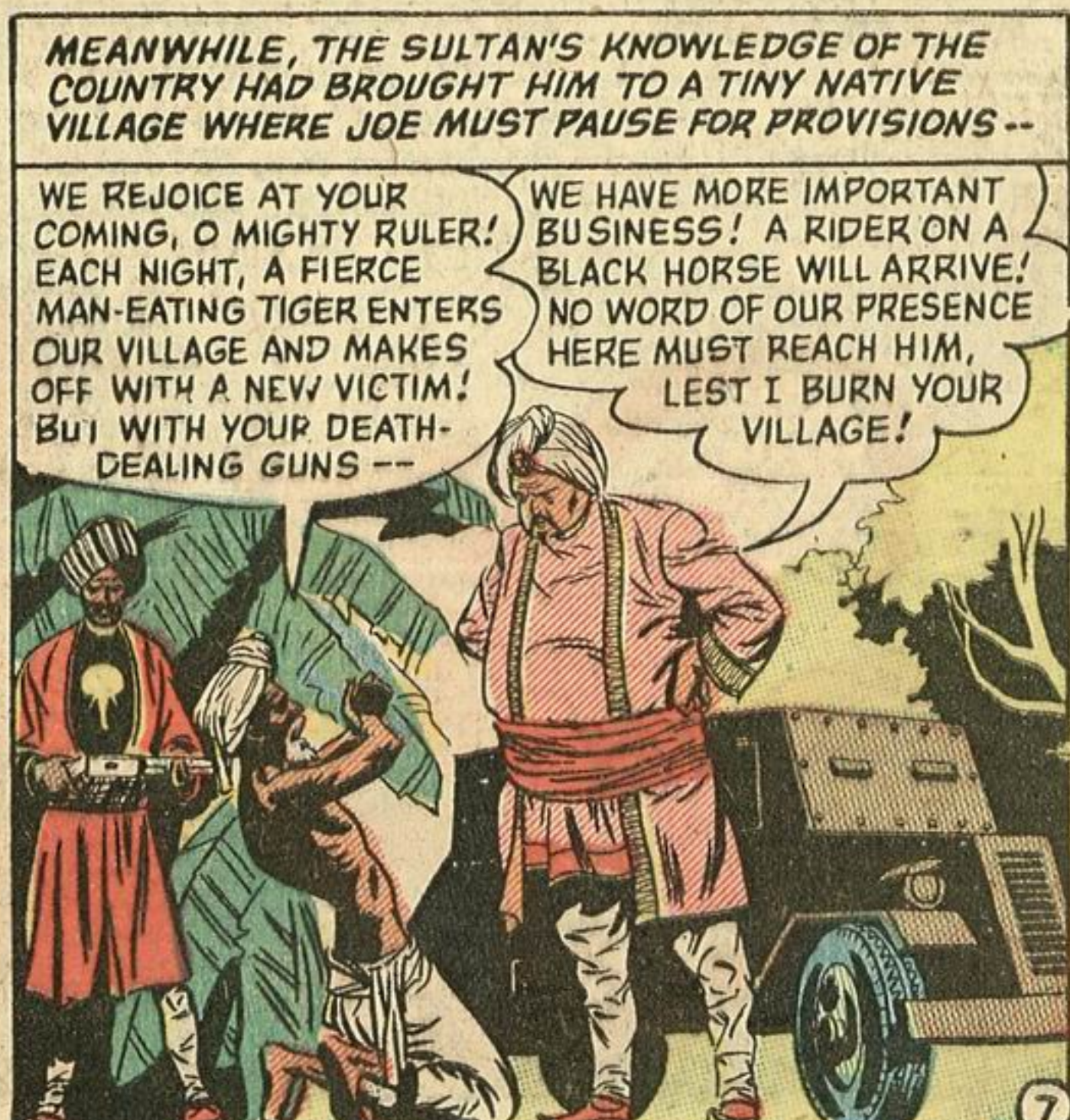
YOU'VE KILLED HIM -- MY BROTHER -- AND FOR THAT, I SWEAR THE BLOOD OATH! NO MATTER WHERE YOU ARE, WHERE YOU GO, I'LL FOLLOW -- AND NEVER REST UNTIL I SEE YOU DEAD AT MY FEET!



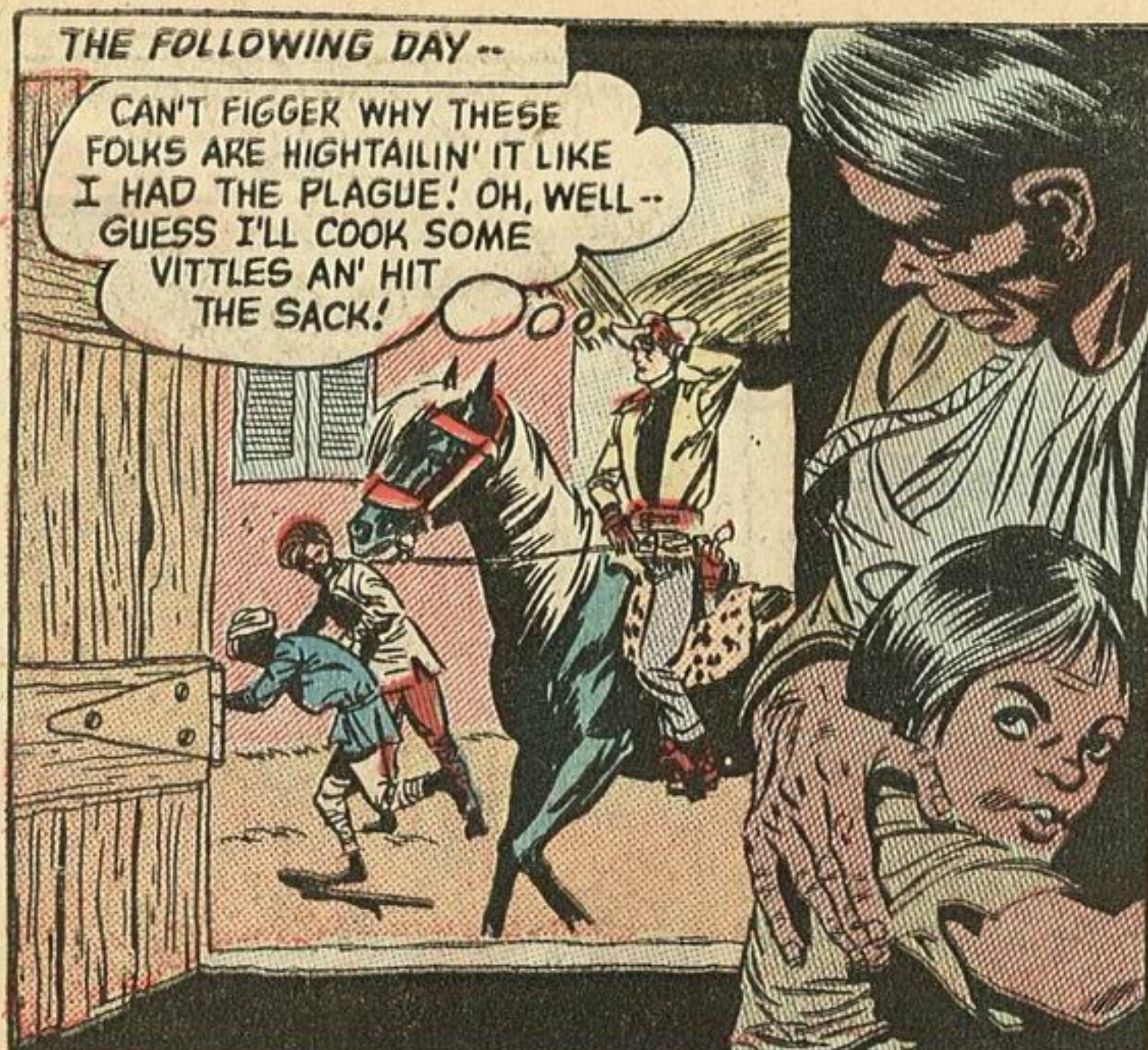




CITIES AND TOWNS WERE LEFT BEHIND AS THE WEARY DAYS PASSED! AND OVER MOUNTAINS--THROUGH JUNGLES --









THEY LEFT THE CAPTIVE GIRL  
HELPLESS, AWAITING THE DREAD  
MARAUDER OF THE NIGHT! HE  
WASN'T LONG IN COMING --



NO -- NO! I'M GOING  
TO DIE, BUT I--I MUSTN'T  
CRY OUT! GIVE ME THE  
STRENGTH -- TO  
REMAIN SILENT--



BUT AS THE AWFUL BEAST STRUCK,  
TERROR TOO GREAT FOR HUMAN  
FLESH TO WITHSTAND  
FOUND VOICE!



THAT WAS --  
ALMITA!



TARNATION -- THAR  
AIN'T A MOMENT  
TUH LOSE!

NO--NO!



ARR-RRR!



NEXT MOMENT,  
IN A DARING  
LEAP --

ALL RIGHT, YUH  
FIGHTIN' MAVERICK--  
CUT LOOSE!





**YES, THE STRIPED KILLER CUT LOOSE-- IN A DEADLY MAN-BEAST DUEL SUCH AS HAD NEVER BEEN SEEN! FIGHT, YOU JUNGLE ASSASSIN, FIGHT! FOR, THIS TIME, YOUR OPPONENT IS A BATTLING BUCKAROO FROM THE BADLANDS!**



**GARR-ROWW!**

**SULTAN MALEVO CHOSE THIS MOMENT TO MAKE HIS BID --**



**JUST AS I PLANNED! HE'S STRUGGLING FOR HIS LIFE -- WE DON'T HAVE TO FEAR HIS GUNS NOW! SHOOT HIM DOWN!**

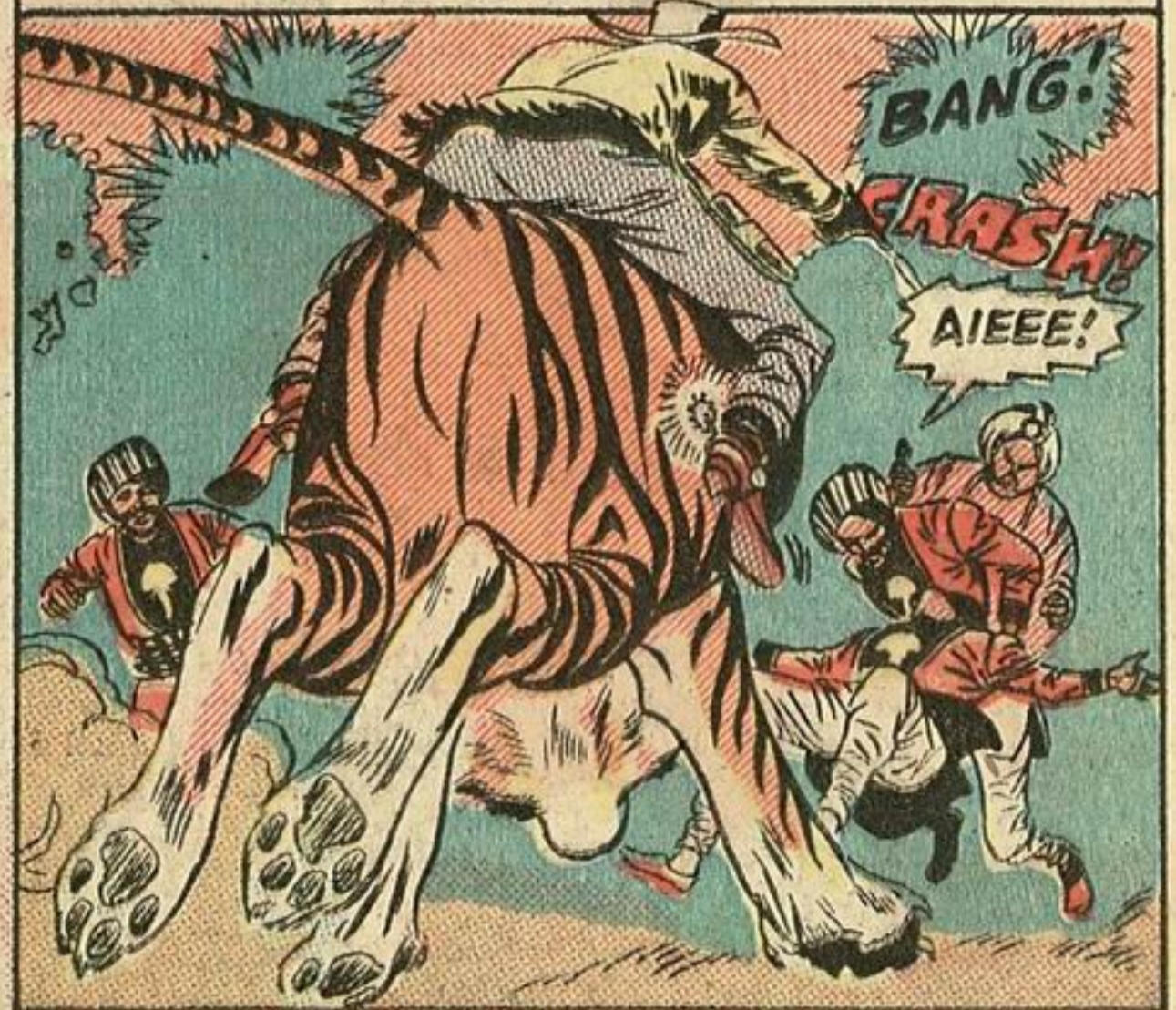
**BANG! BANG!**

**BANG! BANG! BANG!**



**CREEPIN' COVOTES-- WHAT A TIME FER THEM TUH SHOW UP! THAR'S ENOUGH O' THEM WADDIES TUH PICK ME OFF AT LONG RANGE-- WHICH MEANS I GOTTA SHORTEN THAT RANGE!**

**EVER TRY PUTTING SPURS TO A TIGER? HERE'S ONE COWBOY WHO DID -- WITH TERRIFIC EFFECT!**



**BANG! CRASH! AIEEE!**

**AND SO THE NATIVES WERE ROUTED-- AND THE TIGER, WHO'D ALSO HAD ENOUGH, SLUNK BACK TO HIS JUNGLE REFUGE! JOE RETURNED TO ALMITA--**

**WHERE -- WHERE ARE YOU GOING?**

**ON, SISTER-- RECKON IT'S THE ONLY WAY I KNOW! I DON'T TURN BACK!**



**BUT THE SULTAN HAD COUNTED ON THIS! ALREADY HE HAD RALLIED THE REMNANTS OF HIS GUARD -- AND MILES FURTHER ON ALONG THE TRAIL --**

**HURRY-- CUT AWAY THE BRIDGE! WE'LL WAIT IN HIDING INSIDE THE ARMORED CAR, SAFE FROM HIM! THIS WILL BE A TRAP FROM WHICH HE CAN'T ESCAPE!**



**AS JOE AND ALMITA APPROACHED-- FROM THE SHADOW OF A CONCEALING BLUFF --**

**IT-- IT'S SULTAN MALEVO!**

**WE CAN'T RETREAT -- THEY'D SHOOT US DOWN LIKE DOGS! MUH MAP SHOWS THAR'S A NATIVE BRIDGE JEST AROUND THAT BEND IN THE TRAIL-- WE GOTTA MAKE A RUN FER IT!**



**BRAT-TAT-TAT!**





AROUND THE  
BEND OF THE  
TRAIL--AND  
INTO THE  
MAW OF  
IMPENDING  
DOOM!

LOOK OUT!  
THE BRIDGE--

THAR'S NO STOPPIN'!  
HOLD TIGHT--  
AN' PRAY!

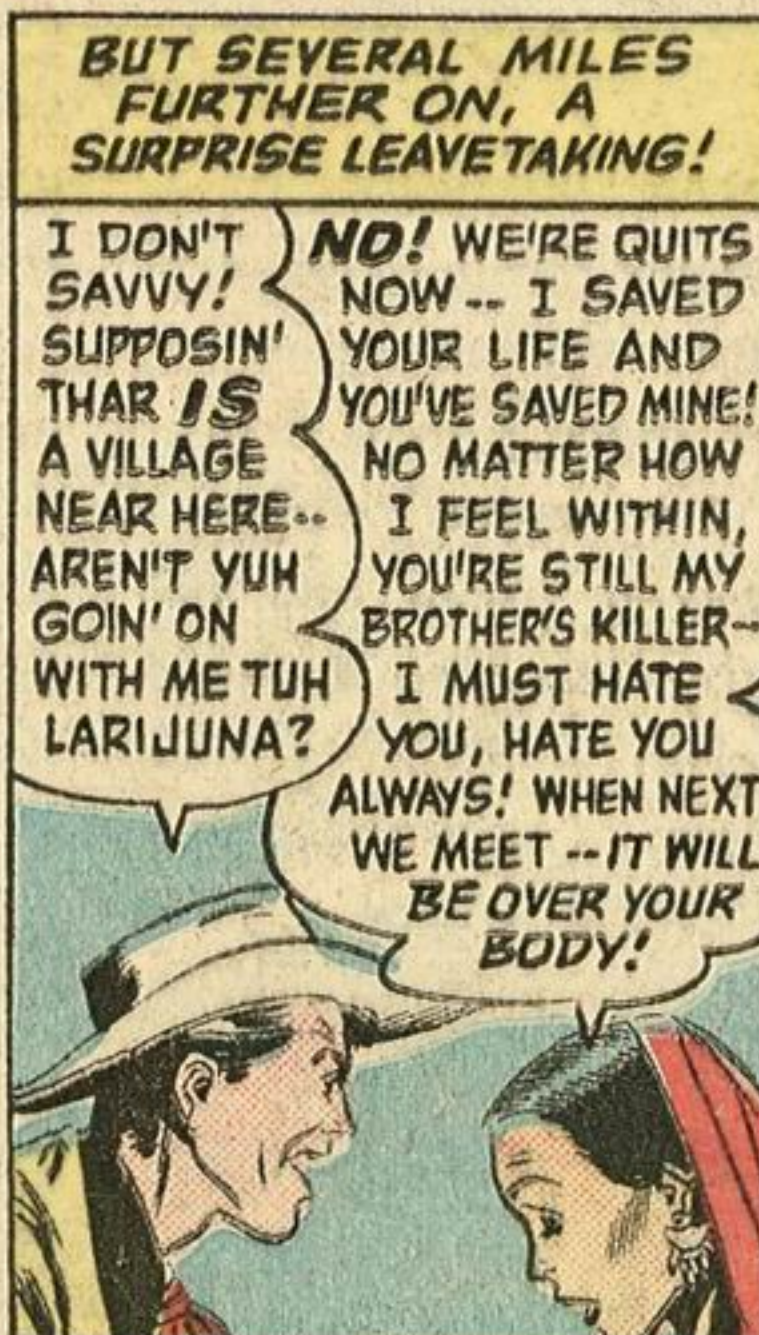


IT WAS UP TO THE STEEL MUSCLES OF  
THE MIGHTY STALLION NOW! OUT,  
OUT INTO SPACE--WITH  
DEATH REELING FAR BELOW--

MAKE IT, HOSS!  
MAKE IT!



BE SEEIN'  
YUH, MALEVO!



BUT SEVERAL MILES  
FURTHER ON, A  
SURPRISE LEAVETAKING!

I DON'T  
SAVVY!  
SUPPOSIN'  
THAR IS  
A VILLAGE  
NEAR HERE--  
AREN'T YUH  
GOIN' ON  
WITH ME TUH  
LARIJUNA?

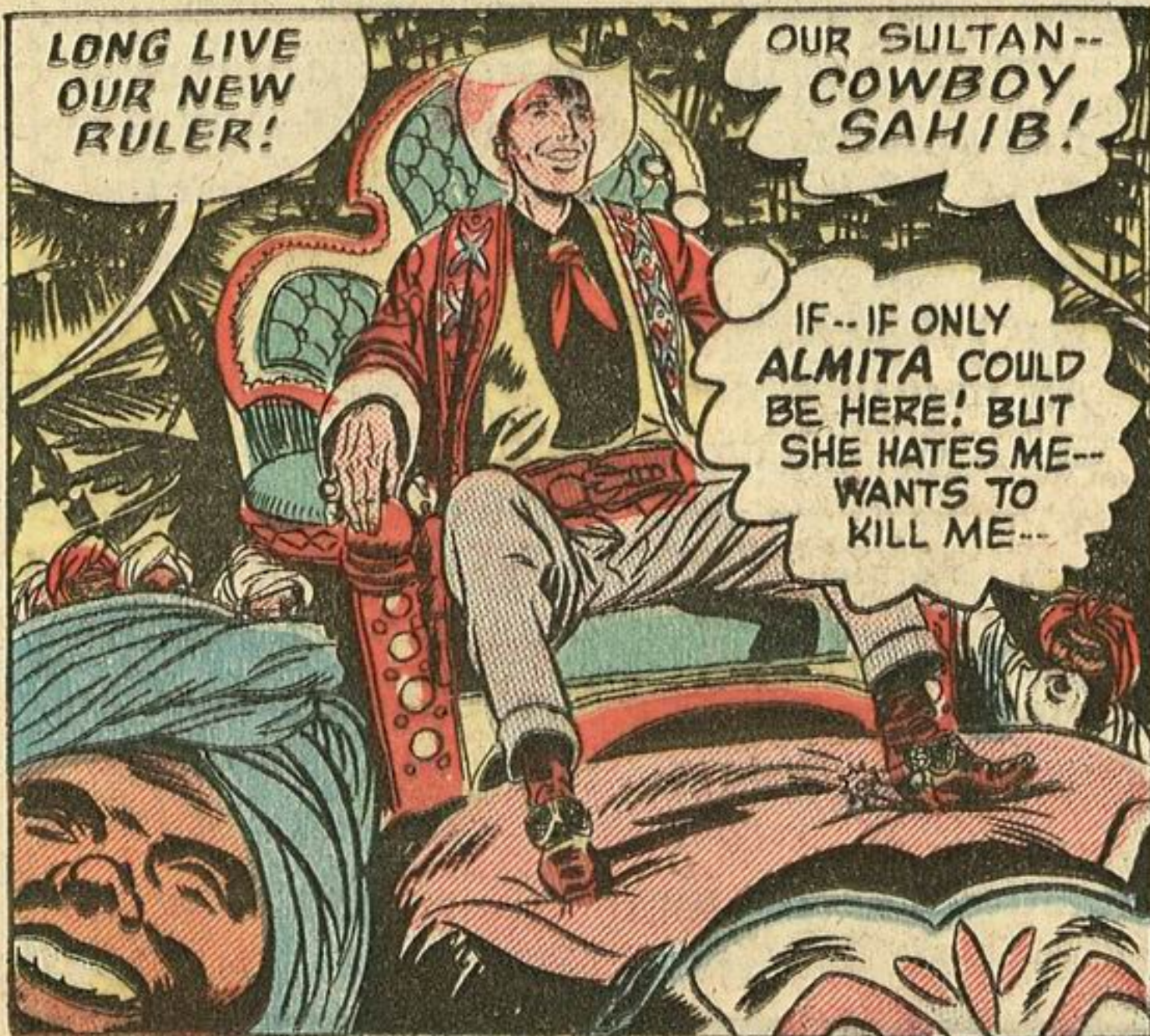
NO! WE'RE QUIT  
NOW--I SAVED  
YOUR LIFE AND  
YOU'VE SAVED  
MINE! NO MATTER  
HOW I FEEL WITHIN,  
YOU'RE STILL MY  
BROTHER'S KILLER--  
I MUST HATE  
YOU, HATE YOU  
ALWAYS! WHEN NEXT  
WE MEET--IT WILL  
BE OVER YOUR  
BODY!



IT--IT MUST  
BE AS I SAID!  
BUT MY HEART--  
GOES WITH  
HIM!

AND WITHIN THE MOUNTAIN PRINCIPALITY OF LARIJUNA,  
THERE WAS REJDICING WITHIN THE NEXT FEW  
DAYS! FOR A CRUEL SULTAN NO LONGER RULED! THE  
ANCIENT CROWN WAS PLACED UPON THE HEAD OF A  
NEW RULER--A STARTLING VISITOR FROM ANOTHER  
CONTINENT, KNOWN BY A STRANGE NEW TITLE--

BUT AN EVEN GREATER PERIL FROM ANOTHER  
SOURCE LOOMED FOR COWBOY SAHIB!  
FOR NOT FAR DISTANT--



LONG LIVE  
OUR NEW  
RULER!

OUR SULTAN--  
COWBOY  
SAHIB!

IF..IF ONLY  
ALMITA COULD  
BE HERE! BUT  
SHE HATES ME--  
WANTS TO  
KILL ME--



SPREAD THE WORD--  
ROUSE ALL THE TRIBES  
LOYAL TO ME! TELL  
THEM TO GIRD FOR  
WAR TO THE DEATH--  
AGAINST COWBOY  
SAHIB!

GET SET FOR WAR AGAINST OUR  
FAVORITE WESTERNER! CAN COWBOY  
SAHIB MEET THE CHALLENGE OF ORIENTAL  
SAYAGERY? SEE THE BLAZING  
ANSWER IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!



# STAMPEDE!

IT WAS LONG after dark, but the tired cowhands remained clustered around the chuck wagon, nervous and fretful. It had been a long and hard drive along the Abilene trail, and the restless herd, sniffing the night wind, seemed ready to bolt at the slightest unexpected sound. Out on the plain the handful of fringe riders were singing mournful songs softly, lulling dogies to sleep like worried mothers at the bedside of a sick child.

Then, from far off, came the growl of a mountain lion. Instantly six hundred steers threw up their heads, nostrils flaring, ears cocked. A moment later there was a deep, throaty roar, and like a mechanical gadget, six hundred heads lowered, front hooves pawed the earth furiously, and like a shot, the herd was flying in terror.

"STAMPEDE!" The cry of panic carried across the plain to the chuck wagon. The resting cowhands were instantly on their feet, springing for the horses. "Head 'em off!" somebody yelled as the mass of fear-crazed animals bore down on the chuck wagon. The first panicked charge was irresistible. Wagon and supplies toppled like matchsticks and were pounded into the dust. It was all a good rider and pony could do to keep from being crushed.

"To the canyon!" shouted the drive leader. "Turn 'em or they'll run all the way tuh Colorado!" At all costs the stampede had to be stopped quickly, before the animals could run themselves into exhaustion, thereby seriously diminishing their market value. But controlling the movement of a terrified herd was next to impossible.

The thunder of hooves filled the plain, punctuated by the rapid firing of sixguns. The lead steers were dropped in their tracks, causing the followers to swerve sharply. The sudden movement almost trapped the riders on the left flank. All managed to fight clear, but one inexperi-

enced cowhand allowed himself to get wedged inside the billowing surge of animals. There was an agonized cry of terror as his horse staggered, but before anyone could reach him, both horse and rider disappeared into the crush.

An hour later, by dint of hard riding and reckless courage, the cowhands managed to run the herd into the blank wall of a canyon. There was a pile-up, causing the death of dozens of steers, but the stampede was stopped. For the cowboys, however, the damage was done.

It was a grim band that surveyed the carnage on the plain the next morning. Almost a third of the herd had destroyed itself, and two riders had been killed. "And all because o' that consarned mountain lion!" somebody said. There was no reply, but two men began riding towards the mountain from which the roar had come the night before.

Shortly after noon there was a flurry of shots from far off. Towards dusk the men returned, dragging the corpse of the mountain lion behind them on a rope. Silently, each cowboy emptied his sixgun into the riddled corpse. "I feel better," someone said finally. "So do I," added the drive leader. "Now let's start roundin' up strays. We got plenty o' hard work ahead."

There was little talk around the campfire that night, and nobody sang. "Heck," the drive leader said finally, "this ain't the first herd I've lost by a stampede, an' I don't reckon it'll be the last. But that's all part of a cowpoke's job an' yuh can't let it get yuh down. We'll make up the loss o' money next year. An' remember, we did get that ornery lion."

Suddenly, the tension was lifted and the men began talking freely. Soon, from out on the plain, came the plaintive songs of the outriders, lulling the remainder of the tattered herd to sleep.



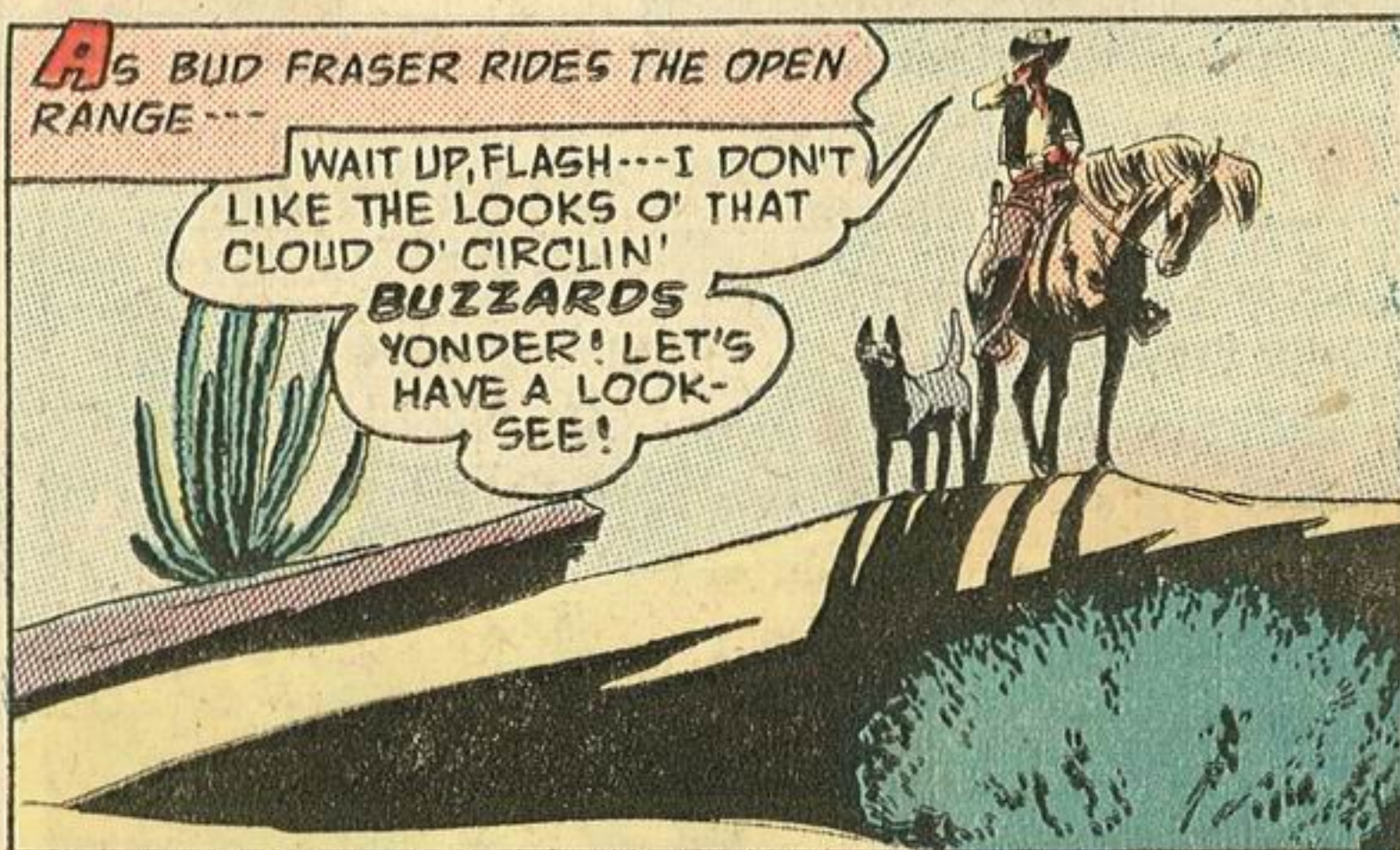
# The Hooded Horseman



START WITH A CREW OF COLD-BLOODED KILLERS AND A MYSTERIOUS AMBUSH---STIR THE INGREDIENTS WITH A JAILBREAK AND A LYNCHING---THEN BRING THE BREW TO A BOIL WITH THE SMOKING GUNS OF **THE HOODED HORSEMAN**---AND YOU'VE GOT A RIP-SNORTING A SIXGUN SAGA AS YOU'VE EVER READ!

AS BUD FRASER RIDES THE OPEN RANGE---

WAIT UP, FLASH---I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS O' THAT CLOUD O' CIRCLIN' BUZZARDS YONDER! LET'S HAVE A LOOK-SEE!



VAMOOSE, YUH ORNERY VARMINTS--FORE I SALT YUH ALL DOWN!

BANG! BANG!



WAL, I'LL BE SWITCHED---THIS HOSS WAS SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD, AND IT'S CARRYIN' A GOVERNMENT BRANDIN' MARK! PLENTY O' TRACKS ALL AROUND, LEADIN' TUH THAT CLIFF! WONDER WHAT---







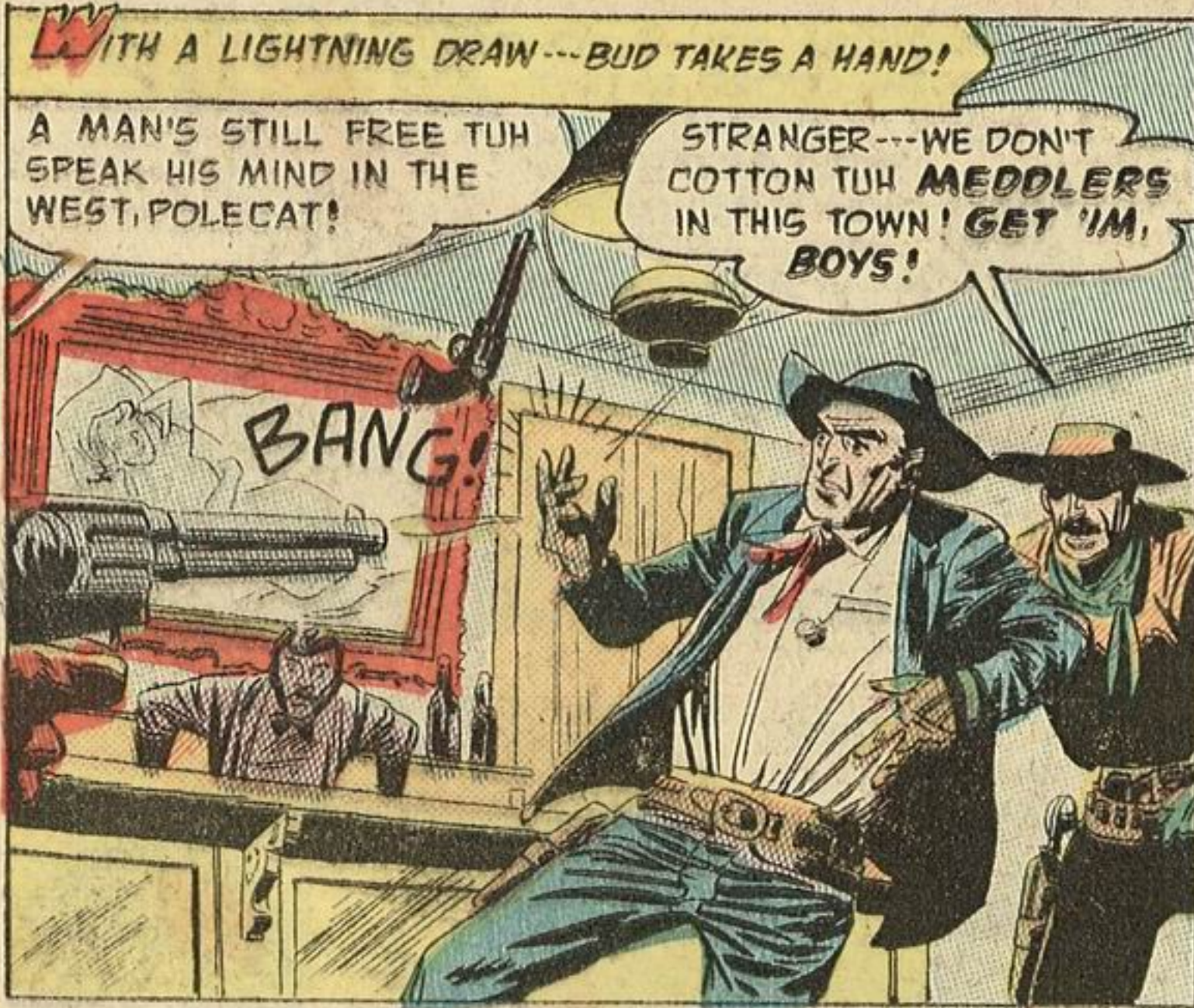
HMM---IT'S PLAIN TUH SEE THAR WAS A BIT O' **GUNPLAY** HERE---WITH A DEAD MAN FLUNG INTUH THE RIVER TUH HIDE THE EVIDENCE! WE'RE GONNA LOOK INTUH THIS!



**SOON AFTERWARDS---**  
WHEN YUH HANKER TUH L'ARN ANYTHIN' IN IN THE WEST, THAR'S NOTHIN' LIKE SASHAYIN' ROUND TUH THE NEAREST **SALOON** AN' JEST **LISTENIN'!**



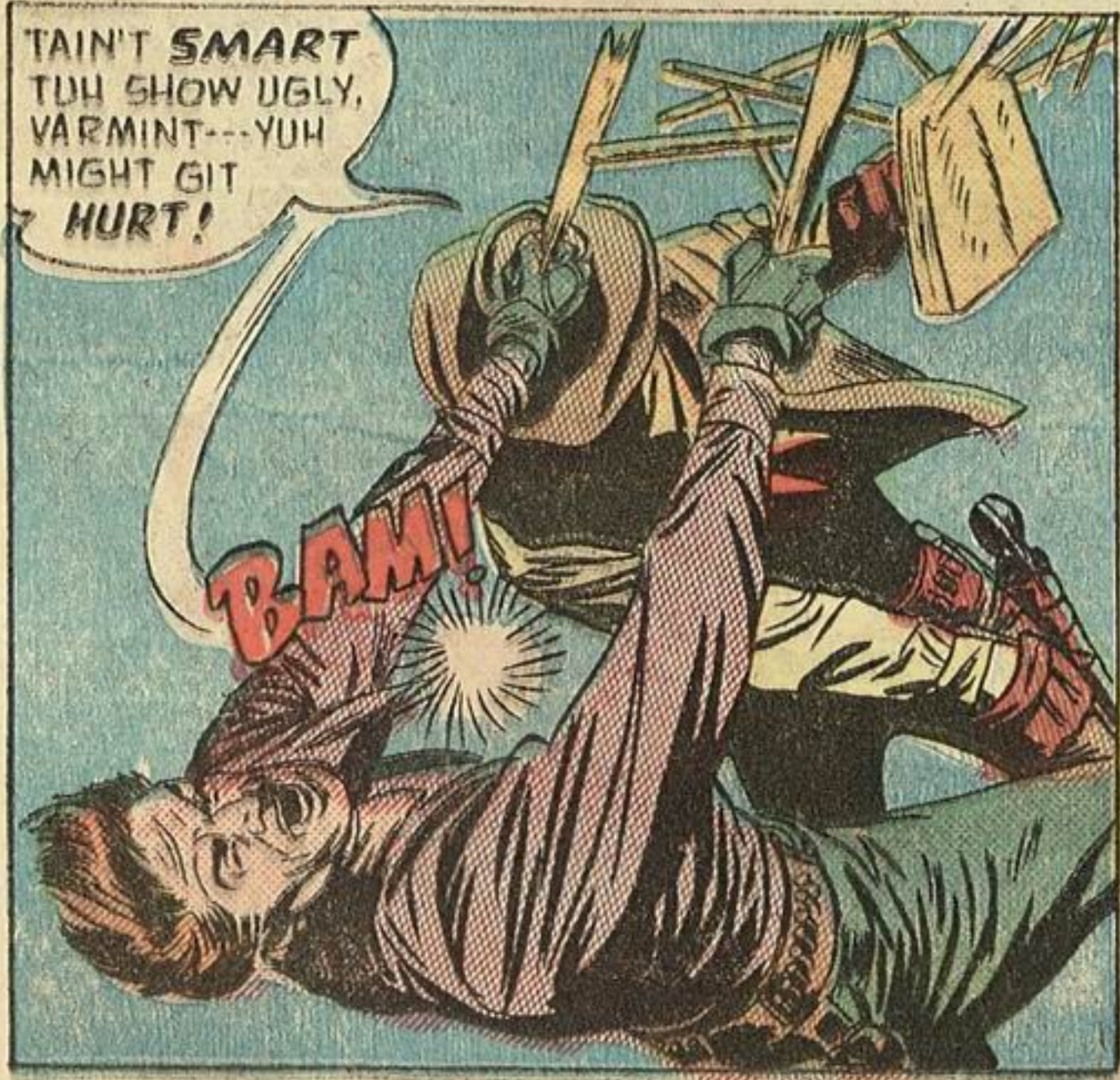
THEY **CAIN'T** HANG CLEM TILL THE U.S. MARSHAL ARRIVES! WHEN **THAT** HAPPENS, IT'LL BE CLEAR THAT HE WAS **FRAMED...** BY **RIP KRET-LOW!**  
THAT KINDA TALK IS PLUMB **DANGEROUS!** ---**REACH!**



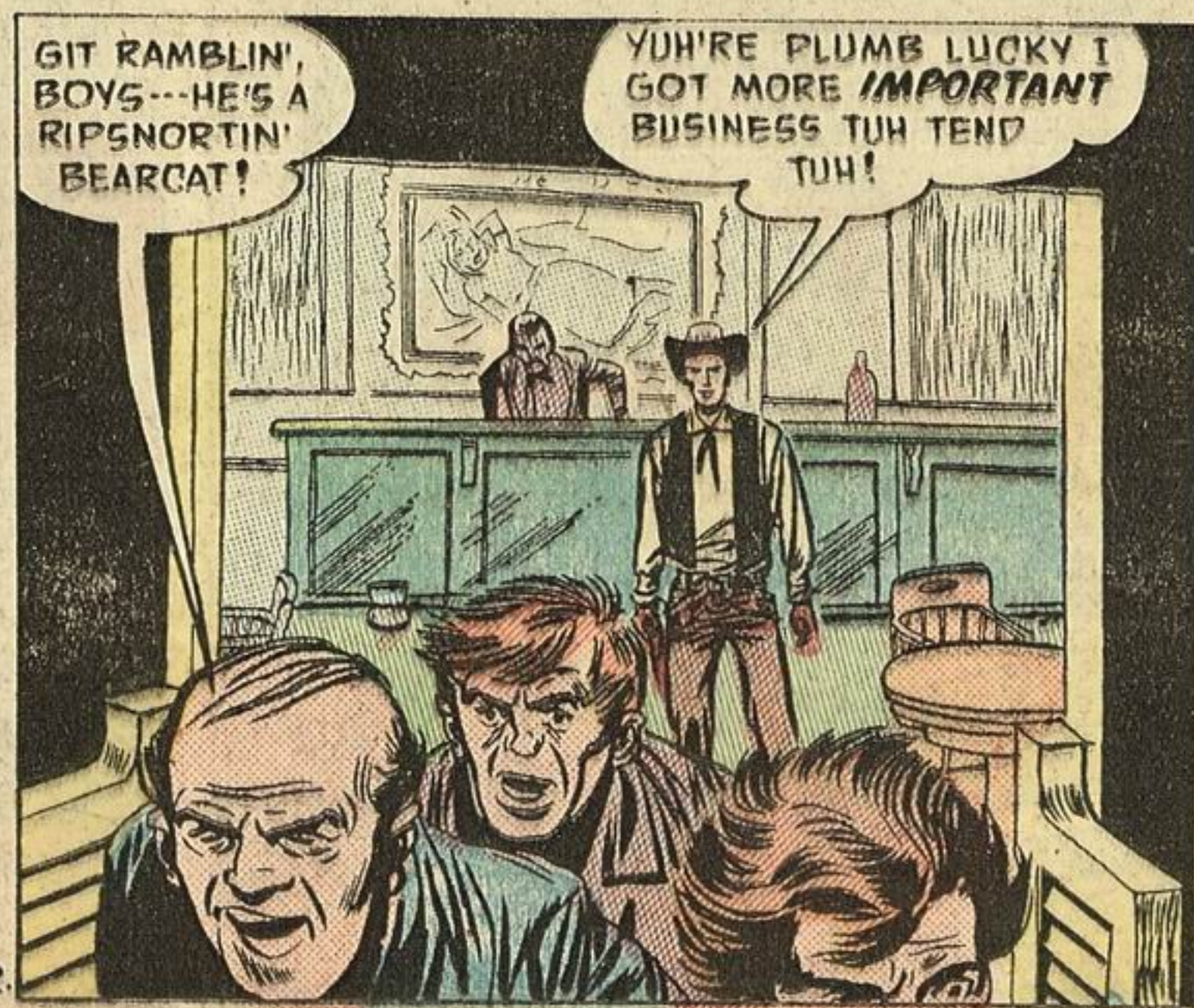
**WITH A LIGHTNING DRAW---** BUD TAKES A HAND!  
A MAN'S STILL FREE TUH SPEAK HIS MIND IN THE WEST, POLECAT!  
STRANGER---WE DON'T COTTON TUH **MEDDLERS** IN THIS TOWN! GET 'IM, **BOYS!**



AMIGO,---YUH'RE RILIN' UP MUH **MEAN STREAK!**  
GUESS YUH HAVE TUH L'ARN THE **HARD** WAY!



TAIN'T **SMART** TUH SHOW UGLY, VARMINT---YUH MIGHT GIT **HURT!**



GIT RAMBLIN', **BOYS---** HE'S A RIPSNOTIN' BEARCAT!  
YUH'RE PLUMB LUCKY I GOT MORE **IMPORTANT** BUSINESS TUH TEND TUH!





THANKS, STRANGER---  
YUH'RE THE FIRST WADDIE  
THAT'S STOOD UP TUH  
KRETLOW'S MEN SINCE  
CLEM DIXON WAS THROWN  
IN THE HOOSEGOW!

I AIM TUH KNOW **MORE**  
ABOUT RIP KRETLOW---  
**AND** CLEM DIXON! WHAT'S  
IT ALL ABOUT?



BEST THING TUH DO WOULD  
BE TUH PALAVER WITH DIXON'S  
SISTER---THE RANCH IS JEST  
A PIECE OUT O' TOWN!

THANKS, PARDNER  
---I'LL DO JUST  
THAT!



**A**ND SO--- EASY NOW,  
FLASH---SEEMS  
LIKE WE'RE INTER-  
RUPTIN' SOMETHIN'  
**INTERESTIN'!**

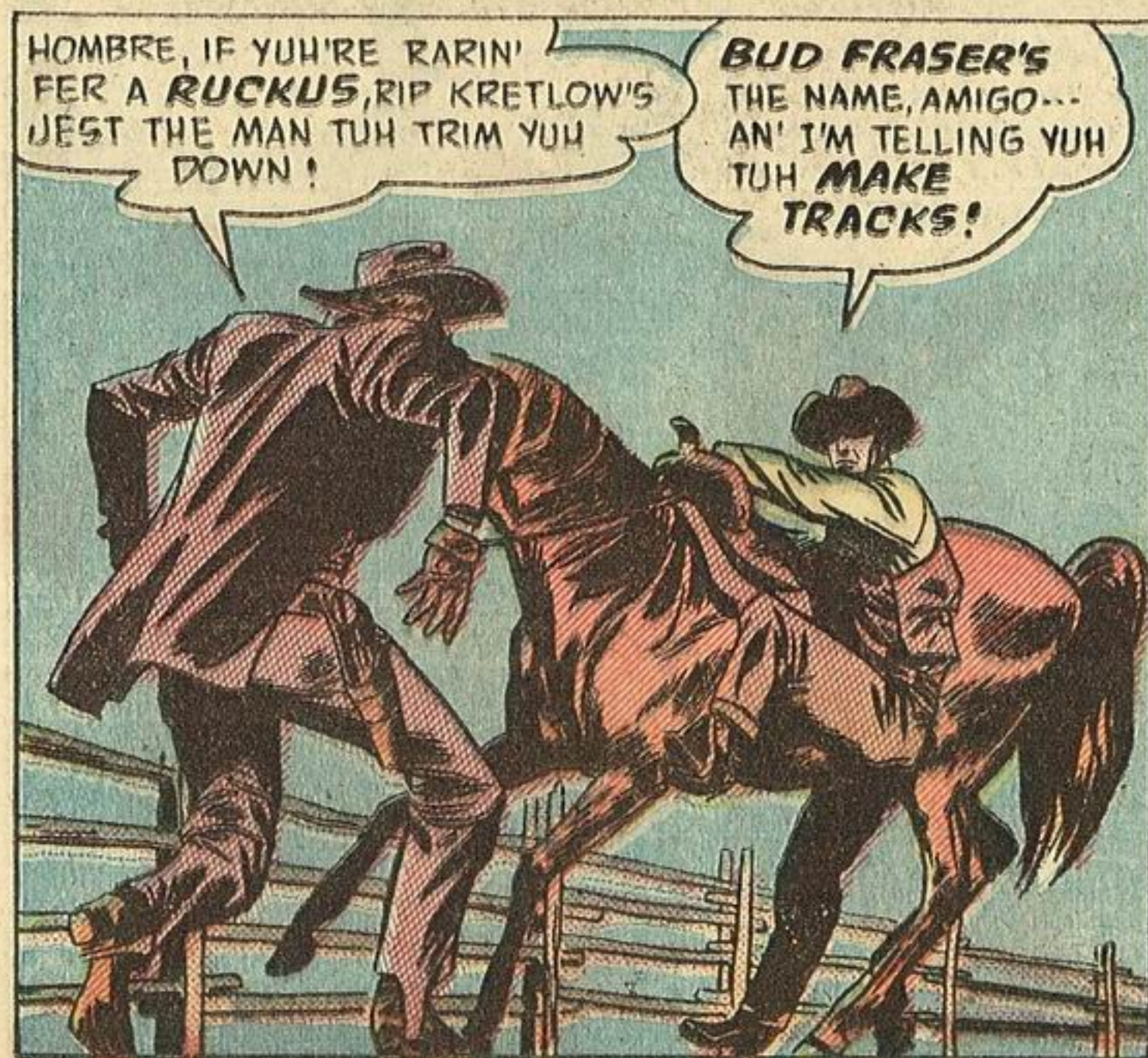
MOLLY, EITHER YUH  
CHANGE YORE TUNE  
ABOUT ME, OR YORE  
BROTHER'LL SWING  
AFORE SUNDOWN!

DON'T THREATEN **ME**,  
RIP KRETLOW! I'VE  
TOLD YOU BEFORE,  
I COULDN'T GET IN-  
TERESTED IN YOU IF  
YOU WERE THE LAST  
MAN ON EARTH! AND  
WHEN THE **MARSHAL**  
COMES---YOU BETTER  
BE GONE!



DON'T **BANK** ON THE  
MARSHAL, GAL---'CAUSE  
MAYBE HE **WON'T**  
SHOW UP, AN' CLEM'LL  
GIT HIS NECK  
STRETCHED  
GOOD AND  
PROPER!

THAT AIN'T  
NO WAY  
TUH TALK  
TUH A  
LADY, YUH  
SIDEWINDIN'  
BUZZARD!



HOMBRE, IF YUH'RE RARIN'  
FER A **RUCKUS**, RIP KRETLOW'S  
JEST THE MAN TUH TRIM YUH  
DOWN!

**BUD FRASER'S**  
THE NAME, AMIGO---  
AN' I'M TELLING YUH  
TUH **MAKE**  
**TRACKS!**



**SLAP LEATHER!**  
WHAT THE---?

HE--- HE SHOT THE  
GUNS OUTA OUR  
HANDS!

**BANG!**

**BANG!**





YUH WIN, FRASER  
...THIS TIME! BUT  
**RIP KRETLOW**  
NEVER FER-  
GITS!

NEITHER DO I,  
KRETLOW...  
**REMEMBER**  
THAT!

THANKS, STRANGER  
...BUT YOU SHOULDN'T  
HAVE INTERFERED!  
KRETLOW'S A BAD  
MAN TO HAVE AS  
AN ENEMY!

SHUCKS, MA'AM...I  
HAD TUH TEACH HIM  
SOME **MANNERS!**  
BUT I CAME HERE  
TUH PALAVER ABOUT  
YORE BROTHER! I AIM  
TUH **HELP** HIM...  
IF HE'S INNOCENT!



OF COURSE HE'S INNOCENT!  
CLEM'S BEEN ORGANIZING  
THE RANCHERS TO STAND UP  
TO KRETLOW AND HIS GANG  
...SO THEY FRAMED HIM WITH  
A PHONY MURDER CHARGE!  
I SENT FOR THE GOVERNMENT  
MARSHAL BECAUSE I KNEW  
HE'D NEVER LET A MAN BE  
HUNG ON SUCH FLIMSY  
EVIDENCE...BUT IF HE  
DOESN'T COME SOON,  
CLEM'LL SWING!



DON'T YOU WORRY, MA'AM!  
I'M GOIN' TUH POWOW WITH  
YORE BROTHER...AN' IF HE'S  
INNOCENT, I WON'T LET 'IM  
HANG! FLASH, YOU STAY HERE  
AN' KEEP AN EYE ON THE  
GAL TILL I GET BACK!

THANK HEAVENS YOU  
CAME! NOW I CAN  
**HOPE!**



**LATER...** WAL, I'LL BE JIGGERED  
...THAT'S KRETLOW AN' HIS  
BOYS GOIN' INTUH THE  
HOOSEGOW! GUESS I'D  
BETTER LOOK INTUH  
THIS!



HERE'S YORE SHARE  
O' THE SWAG,  
SHERIFF...FER  
FOLLERIN'  
**ORDERS!**

THE SHERIFF  
AND KRETLOW  
ARE IN **CAHOOTS**  
...AND THAT'S A  
**MARSHAL'S**  
BADGE IN THAT  
DRAWER! THAT'S  
ALL I NEED  
TUH KNOW!



**REACH...** YUH  
BACK-SHOOTIN'  
BUZZARDS,  
'FORE I...  
**UGH!**

GOOD WORK,  
SLIM...GUESS  
I'LL GIT MUH  
REVENGE  
SOONER'N I  
FIGGERED!









**MOMENTS LATER...IN THE NICK OF TIME...**  
WHIP THE HORSE, SLIM... AN' GIT THE HANGIN' OVER! ...**JUMPIN' BLUE BLAZES** ...**IT'S THE HOODED HORSEMAN!**

THERE AIN'T GONNA BE A HANGIN', KRETLOW... 'CEPTIN' MAYBE YORE'N!

**BANG!**



LOOK HERE, HORSEMAN... EVERYBODY KNOWS YUH'RE ON THE SIDE O' THE LAW, BUT THIS TIME YUH'RE BREAKIN' UP A **LEGAL HANGIN'**! AS THE SHERIFF O' THIS COUNTY...

YUH'RE IN **CAHOOTS** WITH KRETLOW...AN' I CAN **PROVE** IT! FOLKS, LOOK AT WHAT I FOUND IN THE SHERIFF'S DESK... **THE BADGE OF A U.S. MARSHAL...** WHO WOULD'VE BEEN HERE IF KRETLOW AN' HIS MEN HADN'T SHOT HIM IN THE BACK!



THAT'S BIG TALK, HORSEMAN...BUT WITHOUT PRODUCIN' THE **BODY...** YUH CAIN'T PROVE A THING!

THAT'S RIGHT, KRETLOW...BUT WHO SAYS I **CAIN'T** PRODUCE THE BODY? C'MON, FOLKS...**FOLLER ME!**



FOLKS, THIS IS THE SPOT WHAR I FOUND A DEAD GOVERNMENT HOSS...AND A PASSEL O' TRACKS LEADIN' TUH THIS CLIFF! IF I'M RIGHT...**I'LL FIND THE BODY OF THE MARSHAL ON THE RIVER BED!**



**THEN, IN A DIZZYING LEAP...**

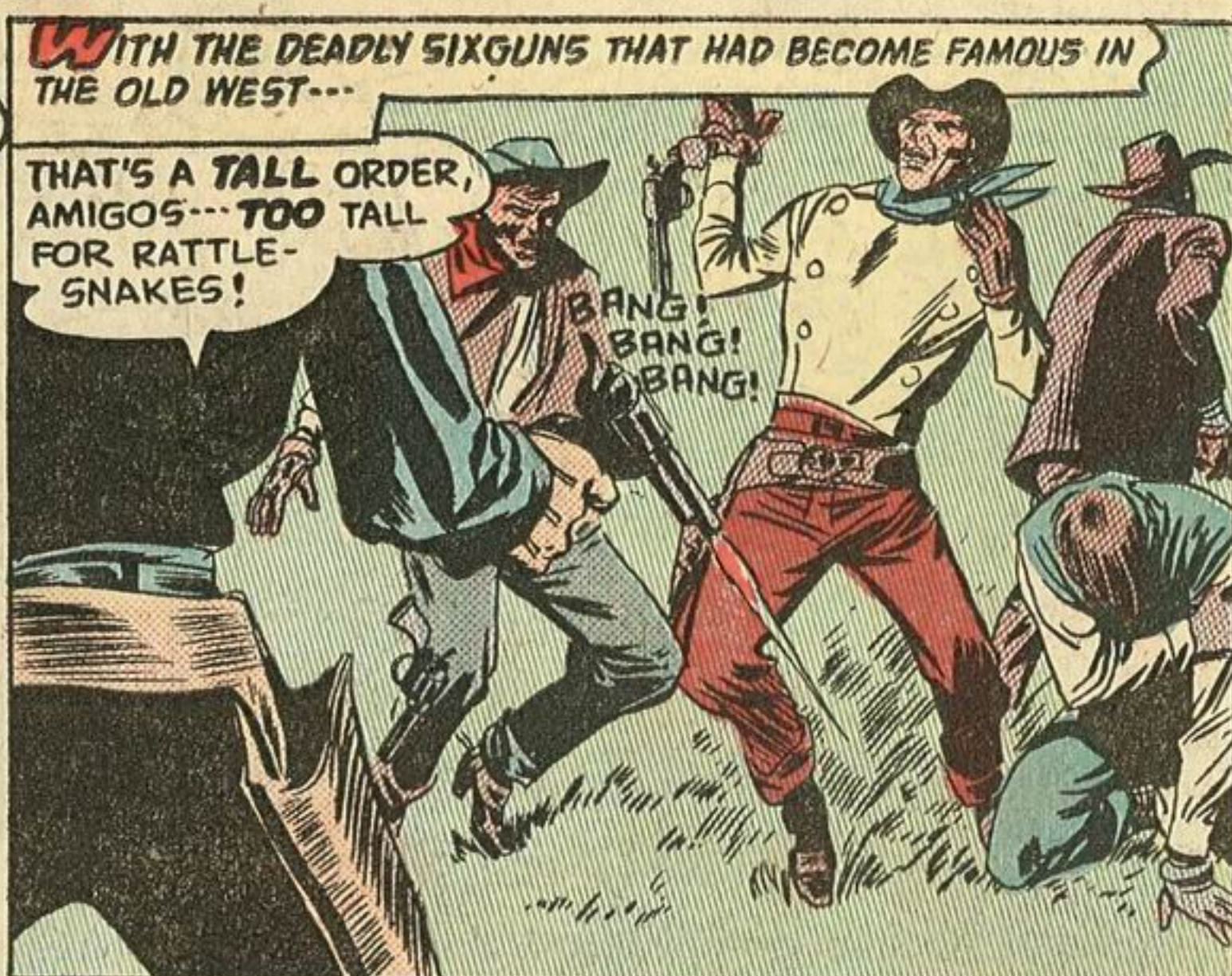


THUNDERATION! THE CURRENT'S TOO SWIFT...THE MARSHAL'S BODY MUST'VE BEEN WASHED AWAY! **WAIT...I GOT AN IDEA!**













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# Bright Feather

**B**RIGHT FEATHER, YOUNGEST son of the great Shawnee chieftain Tomacin, caught up with the white men long after sundown. For the first time in his life he was going to disobey his honored father. But there was no help for it; Tomacin was leading the tribe straight towards disaster.

The braves had danced wildly after the big powwow. The old men had puffed the sacred pipes furiously. A bargain had been struck with the white traders: in exchange for pelts, furs, and much gold, the Indians were to receive guns, powder and whiskey. Bright Feather had opposed the agreement, but his youthful voice had gone unheeded. The angry braves wanted modern weapons at any cost. They had retreated like whipped jackals too long, and Tomacin had vowed that the whites would be driven from their hunting grounds. Bright Feather had fought many battles already, and though it pained him to admit it, he had long ago concluded that the palefaces would never be defeated, for were they not as many as the trees in the forest?

No, fighting was useless. The Shawnee would have to learn to live in peace with their white brethren, for otherwise, the red men would surely die. Bright Feather, already renowned for his bravery, saw this fact clearly. The white traders he had pursued all day were desperate men, unworthy to live, for were they not willing to sell guns which would be used against their own people? He had thought the matter over carefully. The only way to prevent the destruction of his tribe was to prevent the guns from ever reaching them. An agreement had been struck, but dead man could not carry out bargains.

He crept closer, peering through the leaves toward where the three palefaces were huddled together around a camp fire. They had evil, whiskey drenched faces, and as one of them carried a bottle of the accursed fire water to his lips, Bright Feather felt a surge of hatred sweep over him. He wanted to scream and charge forward brandishing his tomahawk, but he had learned restraint long ago. No, the whites were big, tough-looking, and carried side-arms. It would be stupid to charge them recklessly, just as stupid as the intent of his tribe to continue the futile fight against the settlers.

Bright Feather ran his finger along the edge of his hunting knife. Soon the palefaces would go to sleep. He could wait. Hours passed as he remained absolutely motionless in his hiding place. From afar came the wail of a lonely coyote. Then, when he heard the sound of even and regular breathing, he crept forward, with infinite stealth, gripping his knife tightly.

In five minutes his work was over. There had been no cry, no sound, nothing. The Indian prince looked down at the three corpses and considered taking their scalps. But that would be foolish, he thought, for Tomacin would be suspicious. Though he was a well-loved son, his father would have tortured him to death for such disobedience. Reluctantly, he ran to where he had hidden the pony, and galloped back to his tribe.

The drums were still beating and most of the braves were crazy drunk, still screaming death and defiance. But without rifles they would be forced to make peace at last. Bright Feather smiled. He had served his people well.



# INJUN JONES

**W**ESTERN HISTORY KNEW NO GREATER FURY THAN THAT WHICH WAS UNLEASHED WHEN ONE INDIAN NATION WENT ON THE WARPATH AGAINST ANOTHER... FOR THEN MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN ON BOTH SIDES WERE SLAUGHTERED MERCILESSLY! BUT THERE WAS ONE WARRIOR WHOSE BLAZING GUNS AND SMASHING FISTS ENFORCED PEACE AMONG THE TRIBES...THE WHITE APACHE KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WEST AS INJUN JONES!

YOU LOOK **WORRIED**, INJUN! WHAT DID YOU AND CHIEF **RED CLOUD** TALK ABOUT BACK THERE AT THE APACHE CAMP?

ABOUT **TROUBLE**, VICKIE! AN APACHE SCOUT JEST CAME BACK FROM THE ARAPAHOS COUNTRY WITH NEWS THAT THE ARAPAHOS' SACRED TRIBAL PIPE HAD BEEN STOLEN! AN' A COUPLE O' WHITE TRADERS HAD BEEN TELLIN' THE INJUNS THAT THEY'D OVERHEARD **APACHES** BOASTIN' ABOUT HAVIN' STOLEN THE SACRED FETISH!



THE ARAPAHOS SWORE TUH GO ON THE **WAR-PATH** AG'INST THE APACHES TUH AVENGE THE SACRILEGE -- BUT THEY DECIDED TUH HOLD OFF THE INVASION FER THE TIME BEIN', BECAUSE THIS IS THE TIME O' YEAR FER THEIR SACRED **SUN DANCE** FESTIVAL! BUT THEY PLAN TUH ATTACK IN FORCE JEST AS SOON AS THEIR FOUR DAY CEREMONIAL IS OVER! THE APACHES ARE INNOCENT, O' COURSE --- BUT IN ORDER TO DEFEND OURSELVES, THERE'LL HAVE TUH BE MASS TRIBAL WAR!

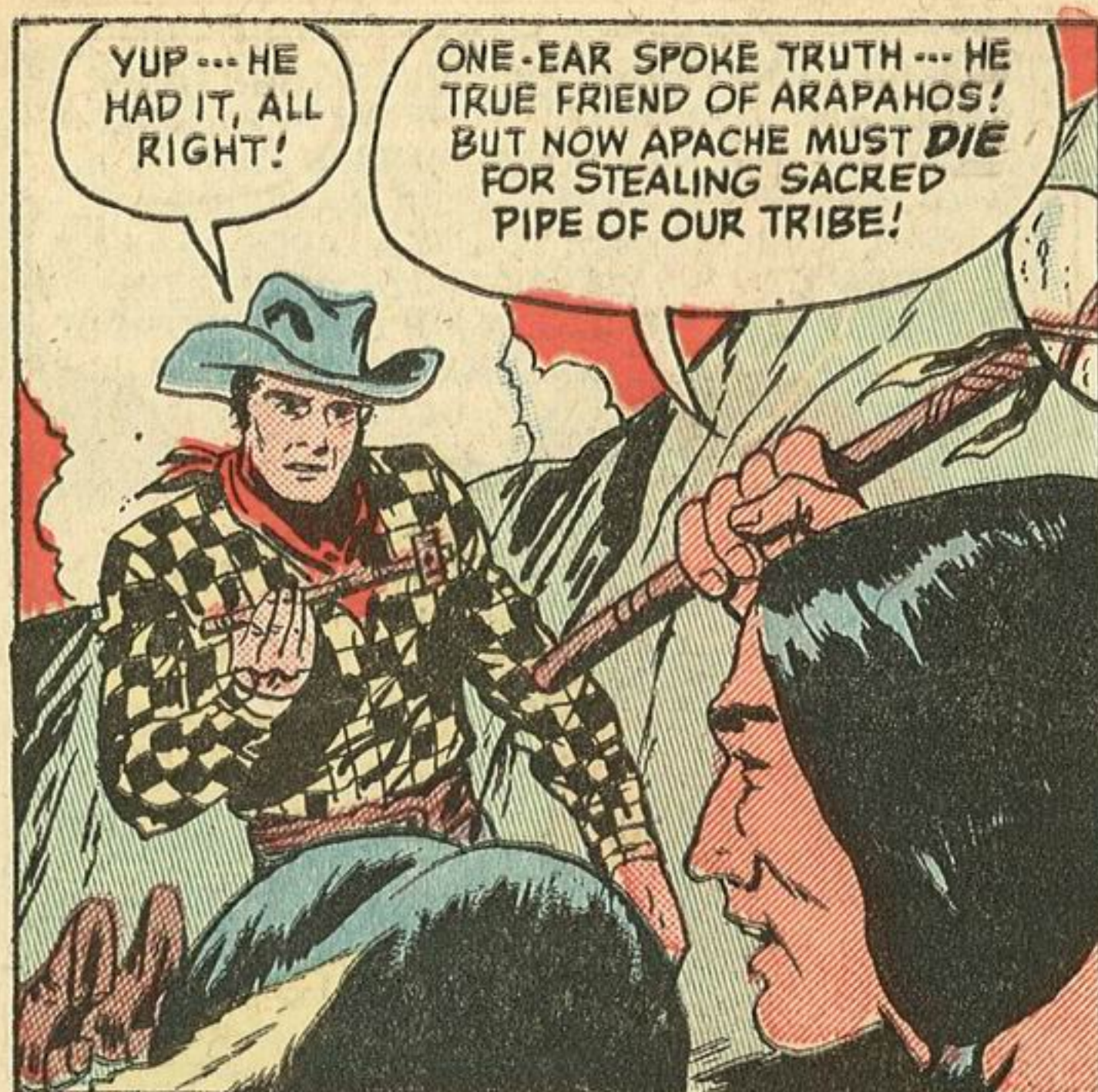
THE ONLY HOPE I'VE GOT TUH HEAD OFF THAT WAR IS TUH FIND THE TWO WHITE TRADERS WHO WERE SPREADIN' THOSE LIES ABOUT US --- AN' TUH BEAT THE **TRUTH** OUT OF 'EM!





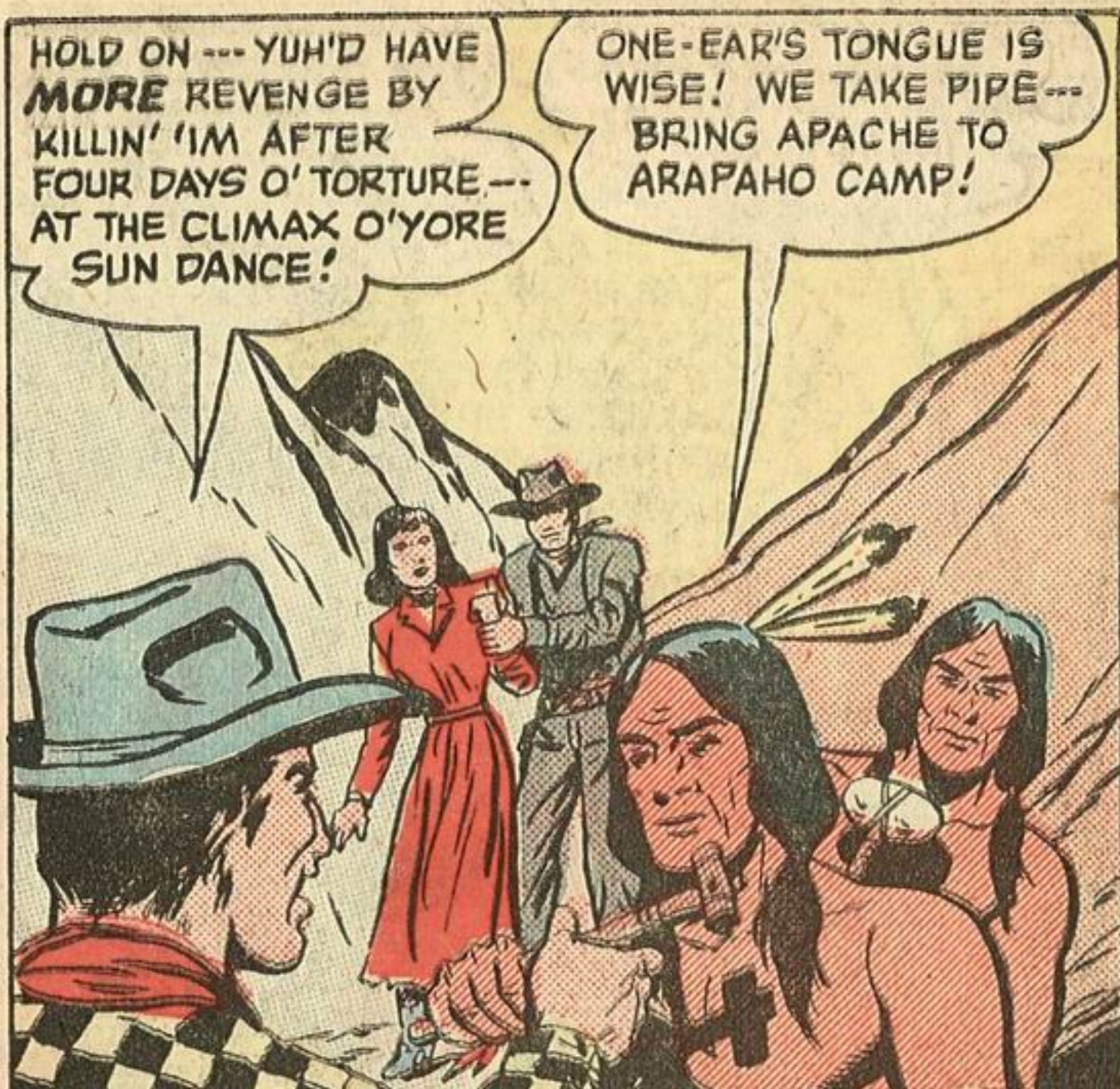






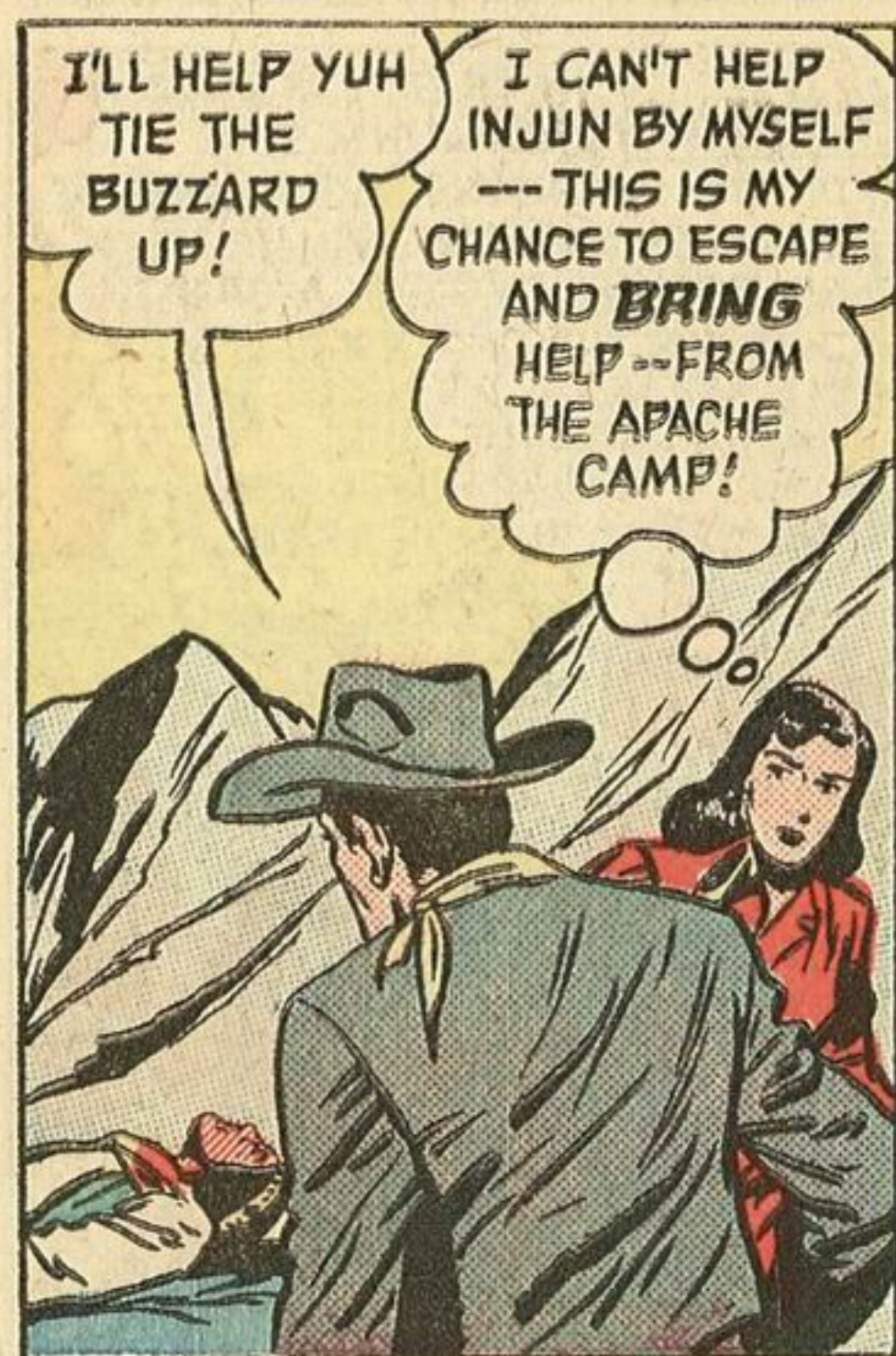
YUP --- HE  
HAD IT, ALL  
RIGHT!

ONE-EAR SPOKE TRUTH --- HE  
TRUE FRIEND OF ARAPAHOS!  
BUT NOW APACHE MUST **DIE**  
FOR STEALING SACRED  
PIPE OF OUR TRIBE!



HOLD ON --- YUH'D HAVE  
**MORE** REVENGE BY  
KILLIN' 'IM AFTER  
FOUR DAYS O' TORTURE ---  
AT THE CLIMAX O'YORE  
SUN DANCE!

ONE-EAR'S TONGUE IS  
WISE! WE TAKE PIPE ---  
BRING APACHE TO  
ARAPAHO CAMP!



I'LL HELP YUH  
TIE THE  
BUZZARD  
UP!

I CAN'T HELP  
INJUN BY MYSELF  
--- THIS IS MY  
CHANCE TO ESCAPE  
AND **BRING**  
HELP -- FROM  
THE APACHE  
CAMP!



RED --- THE  
GAL'S GITTIN'  
AWAY!

SHE CAIN'T  
RUN FAST ---  
I'LL CATCH UP  
TO 'ER AN' SHOOT  
'ER DOWN LIKE  
A DOG!



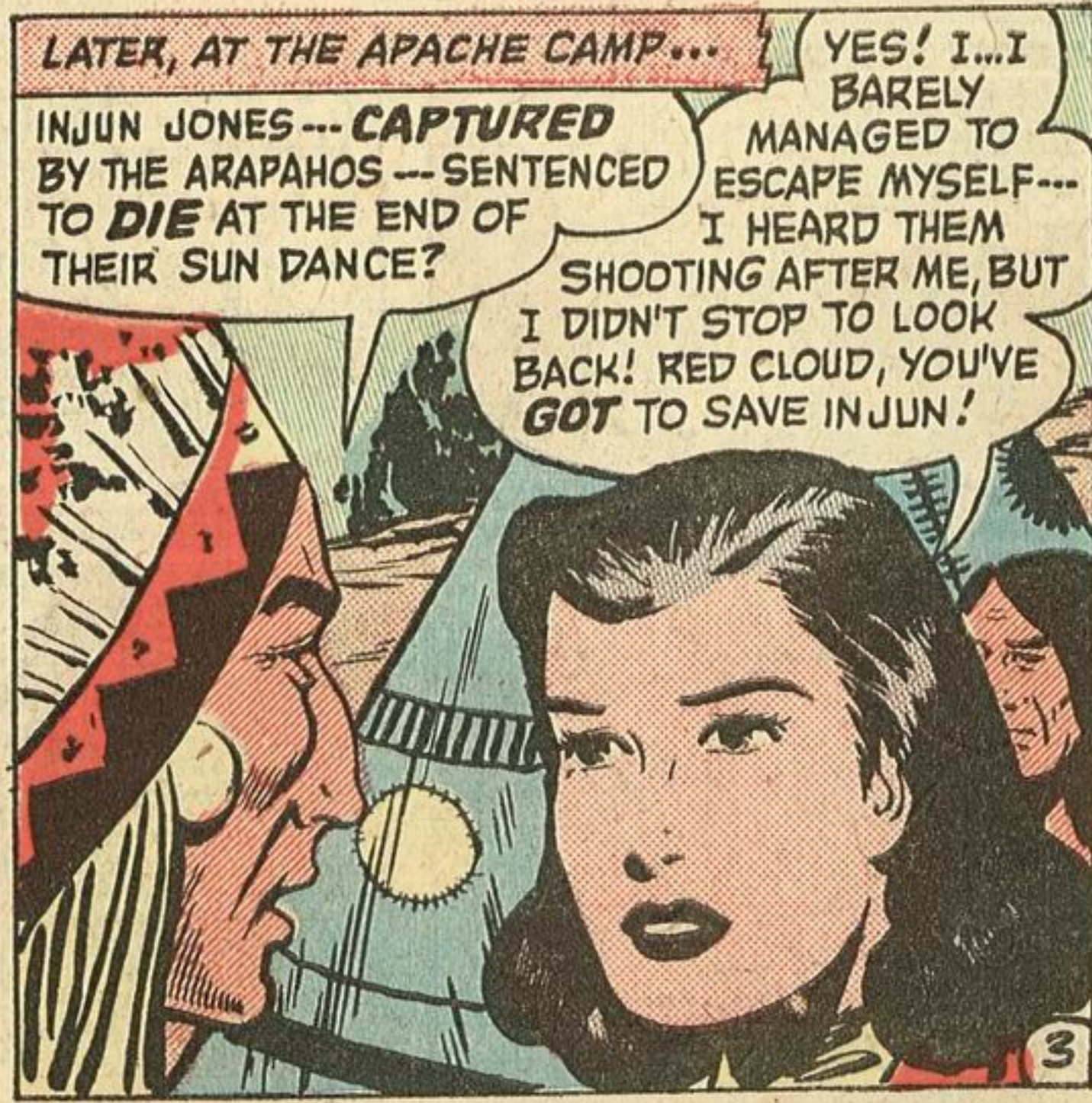
HA! EVERYTHING'S  
WORKIN' OUT  
PERFECT!

BANG!  
BANG!  
BANG!



GOT 'ER! --- THREE  
SHOTS, RIGHT IN  
THE BACK!

GOOD --- NOW THE APACHES  
WILL NEVER KNOW WHAT  
HAPPENED TUH INJUN JONES!  
HE'S BEGINNIN' TUH STIR ---  
LET'S GIT GOIN'!



LATER, AT THE APACHE CAMP...

INJUN JONES --- **CAPTURED**  
BY THE ARAPAHOS --- SENTENCED  
TO **DIE** AT THE END OF  
THEIR SUN DANCE?

YES! I...I  
BARELY  
MANAGED TO  
ESCAPE MYSELF ---  
I HEARD THEM

SHOOTING AFTER ME, BUT  
I DIDN'T STOP TO LOOK  
BACK! RED CLOUD, YOU'VE  
**GOT** TO SAVE INJUN!





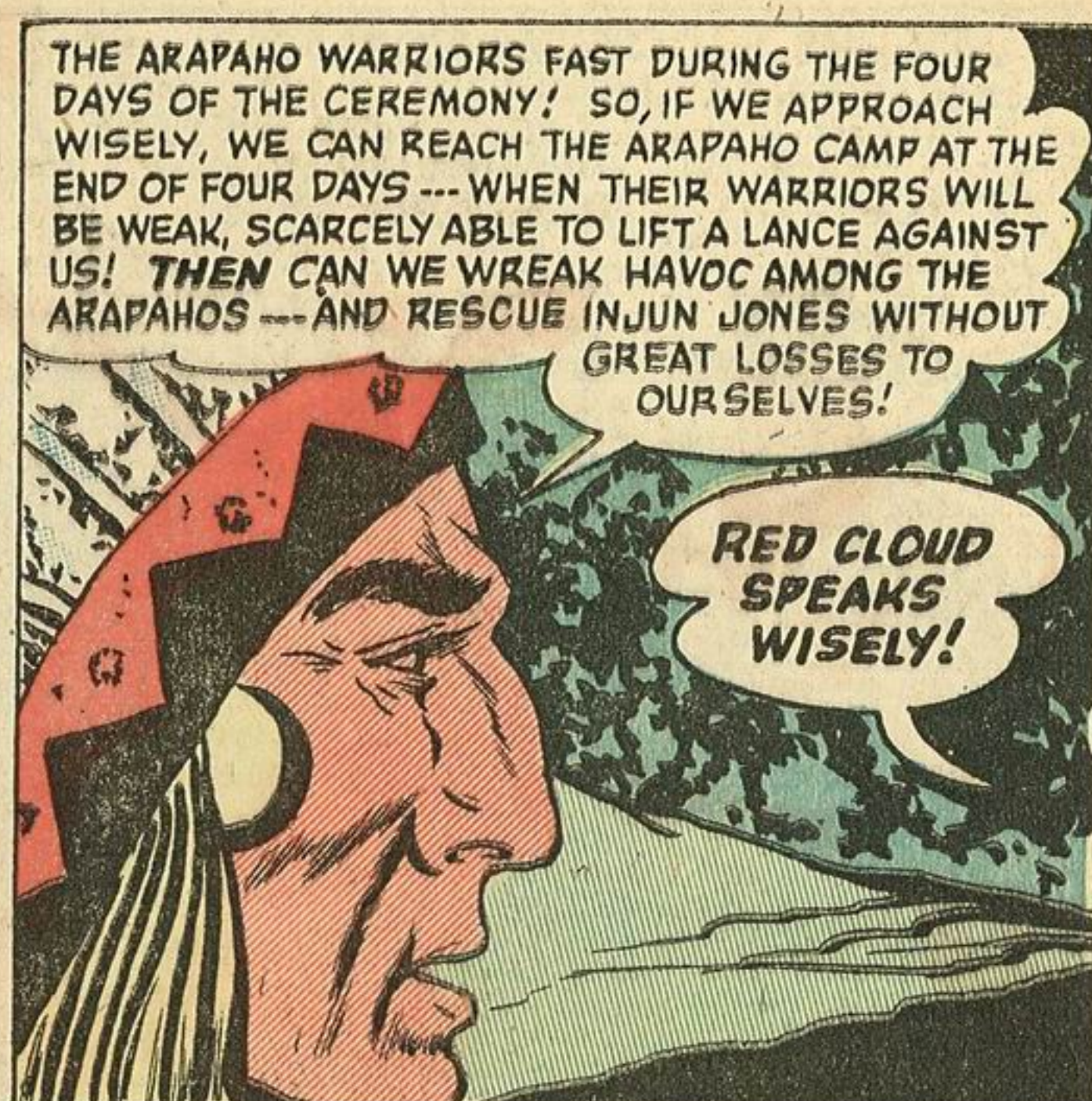
DEATH TO THE ARAPAHOS!  
TO YOUR WAR HORSES.  
APACHES!

NO---WAIT!

THOSE WHO  
CAPTURED OUR

BROTHER HAVE TOO MUCH

OF A START --- WE COULD NEVER  
CATCH THEM BEFORE THEY GET TO  
THE ARAPAHO CAMP! AND WITH THEIR  
SUN DANCE FESTIVAL AT HAND, ALL THE  
SCATTERED TRIBESMEN WOULD BE  
GATHERED THERE---TOO GREAT A  
FORCE FOR US TO ATTACK--**UNLESS**  
**WE WAITED UNTIL**  
**THE FOURTH DAY!**



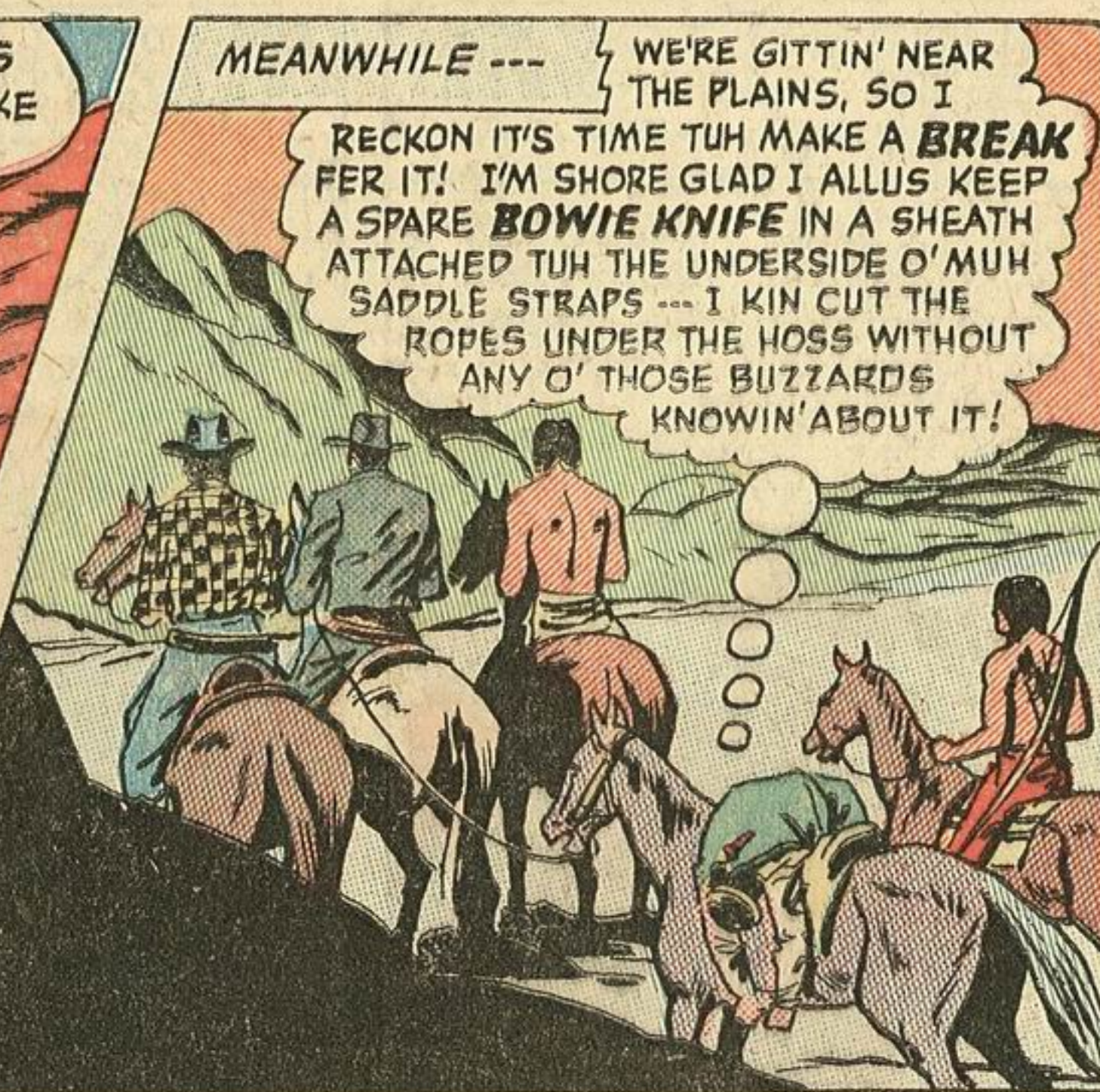
THE ARAPAHO WARRIORS FAST DURING THE FOUR  
DAYS OF THE CEREMONY! SO, IF WE APPROACH  
WISELY, WE CAN REACH THE ARAPAHO CAMP AT THE  
END OF FOUR DAYS --- WHEN THEIR WARRIORS WILL  
BE WEAK, SCARCELY ABLE TO LIFT A LANCE AGAINST  
US! **THEN** CAN WE WREAK HAVOC AMONG THE  
ARAPAHOS --- AND RESCUE INJUN JONES WITHOUT  
GREAT LOSSES TO  
OURSELVES!

**RED CLOUD  
SPEAKS  
WISELY!**



BUT... BUT THEY'RE  
GOING TO **TORTURE**  
INJUN DURING THOSE  
FOUR DAYS WHILE  
**WE'RE** TAKING  
OUR TIME!

FEAR NOT---INJUN JONES IS  
A TRUE APACHE! HE CAN TAKE  
ANY TORTURE DEVISED  
BY MAN OR DEVIL!



MEANWHILE --- WE'RE GITTIN' NEAR  
THE PLAINS, SO I  
RECKON IT'S TIME TUH MAKE A **BREAK**  
FER IT! I'M SHORE GLAD I ALLUS KEEP  
A SPARE **BOWIE KNIFE** IN A SHEATH  
ATTACHED TUH THE UNDERSIDE O' MUH  
SADDLE STRAPS --- I KIN CUT THE  
ROPE UNDER THE HOSS WITHOUT  
ANY O' THOSE BUZZARDS  
KNOWIN' ABOUT IT!



THERE! NOW TUH SLAP MUH  
BRONC **HARD** --- AN' SEND 'IM  
SMASHIN' INTUH THOSE  
VARMINTS AHEAD O' ME!



I GET  
'UM!

WHA---!

BLAM!

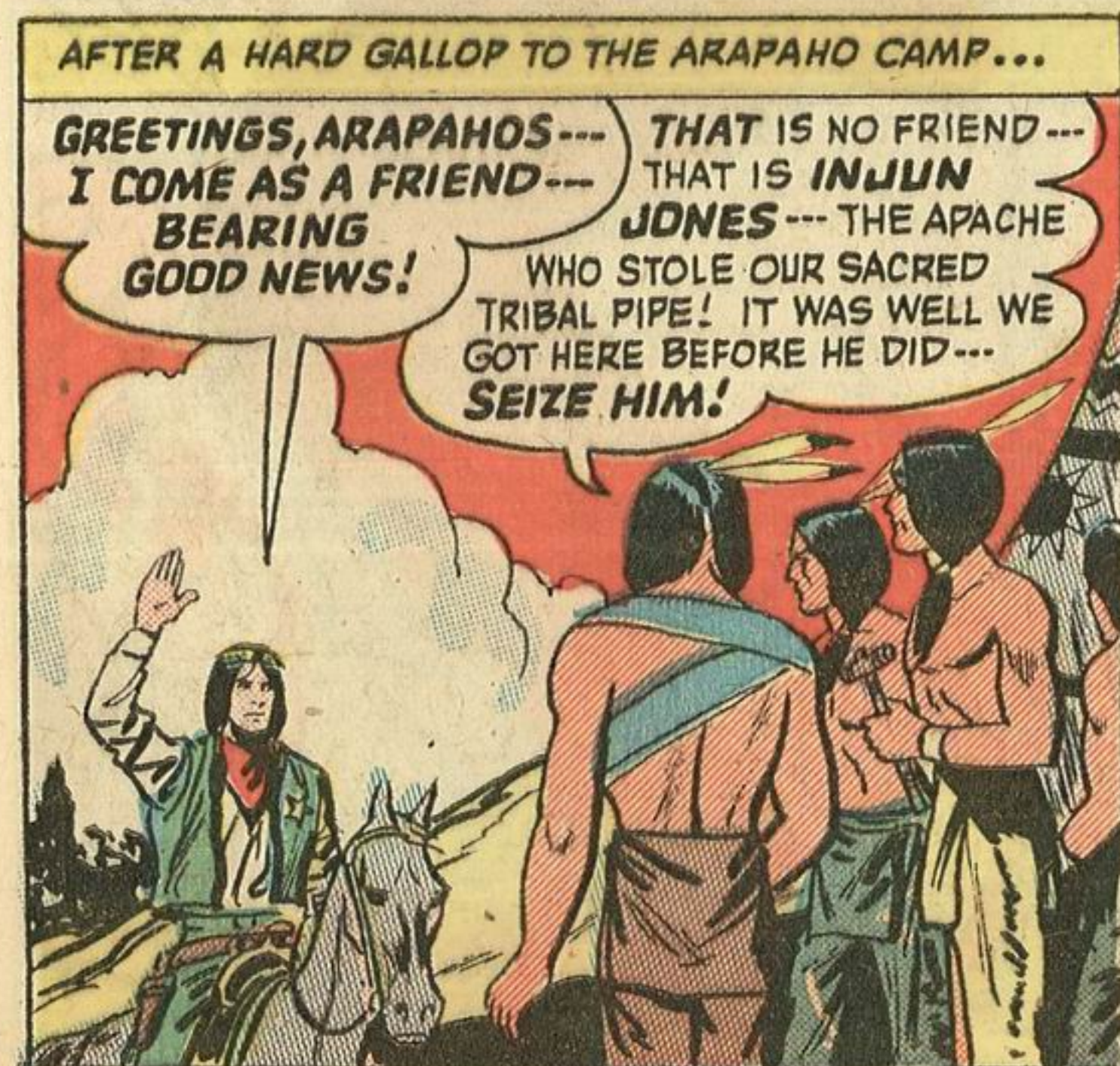
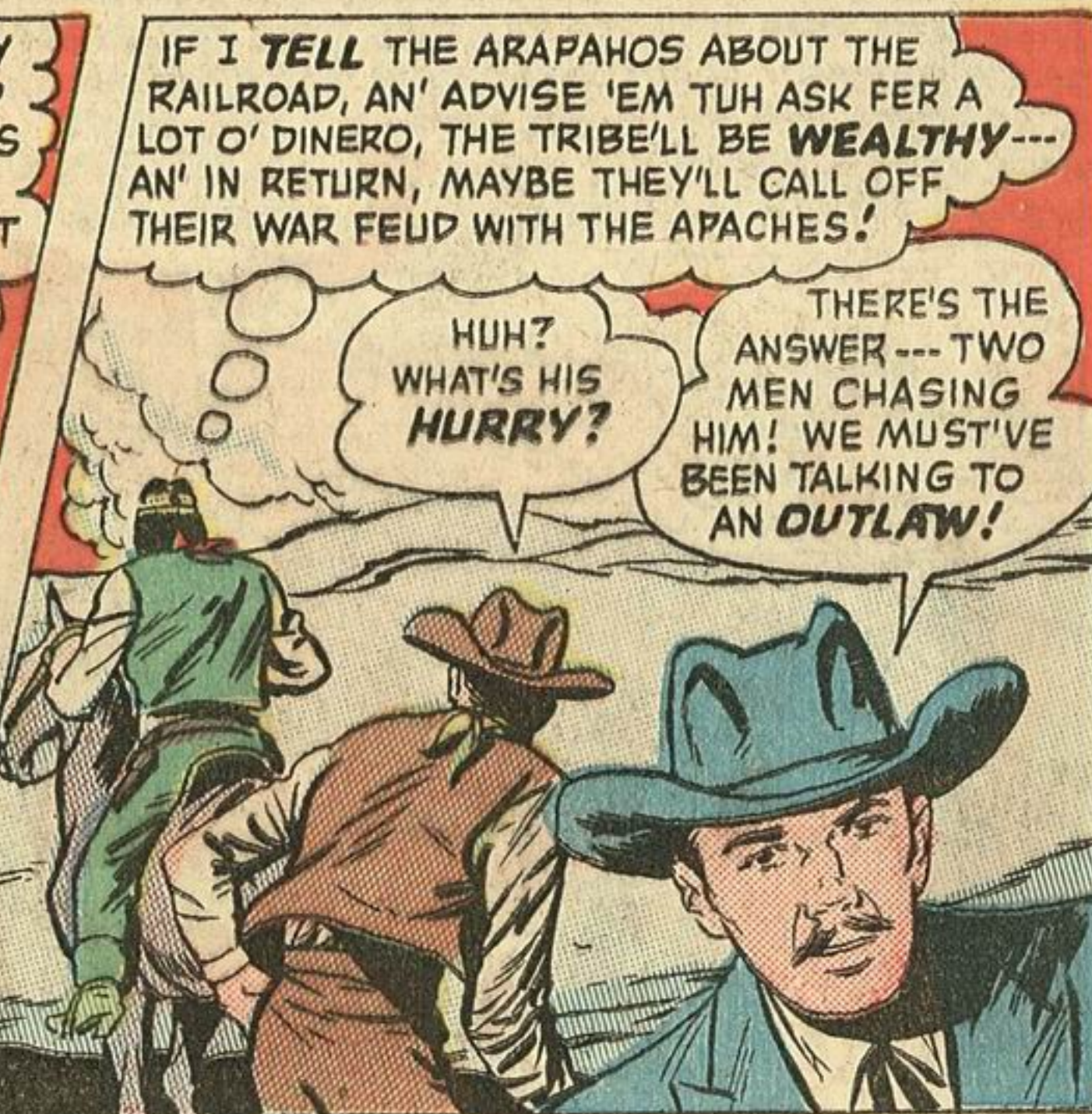
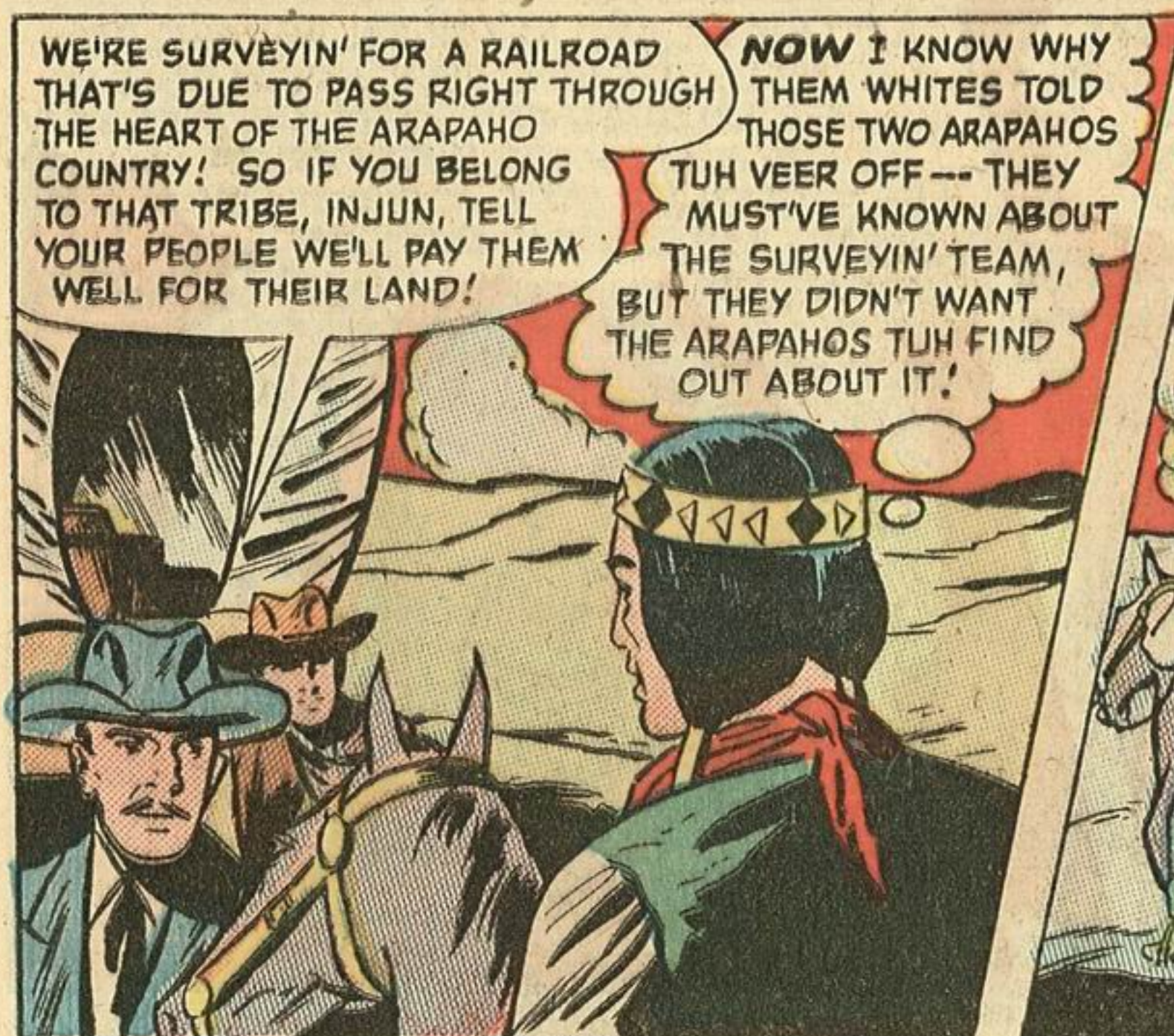


YUH **GOT** IT, ALL RIGHT!

YIII!

THWOK!









HE IS A FIGHTING DEVIL...  
**OVERWHELM HIM  
BY NUMBERS!**

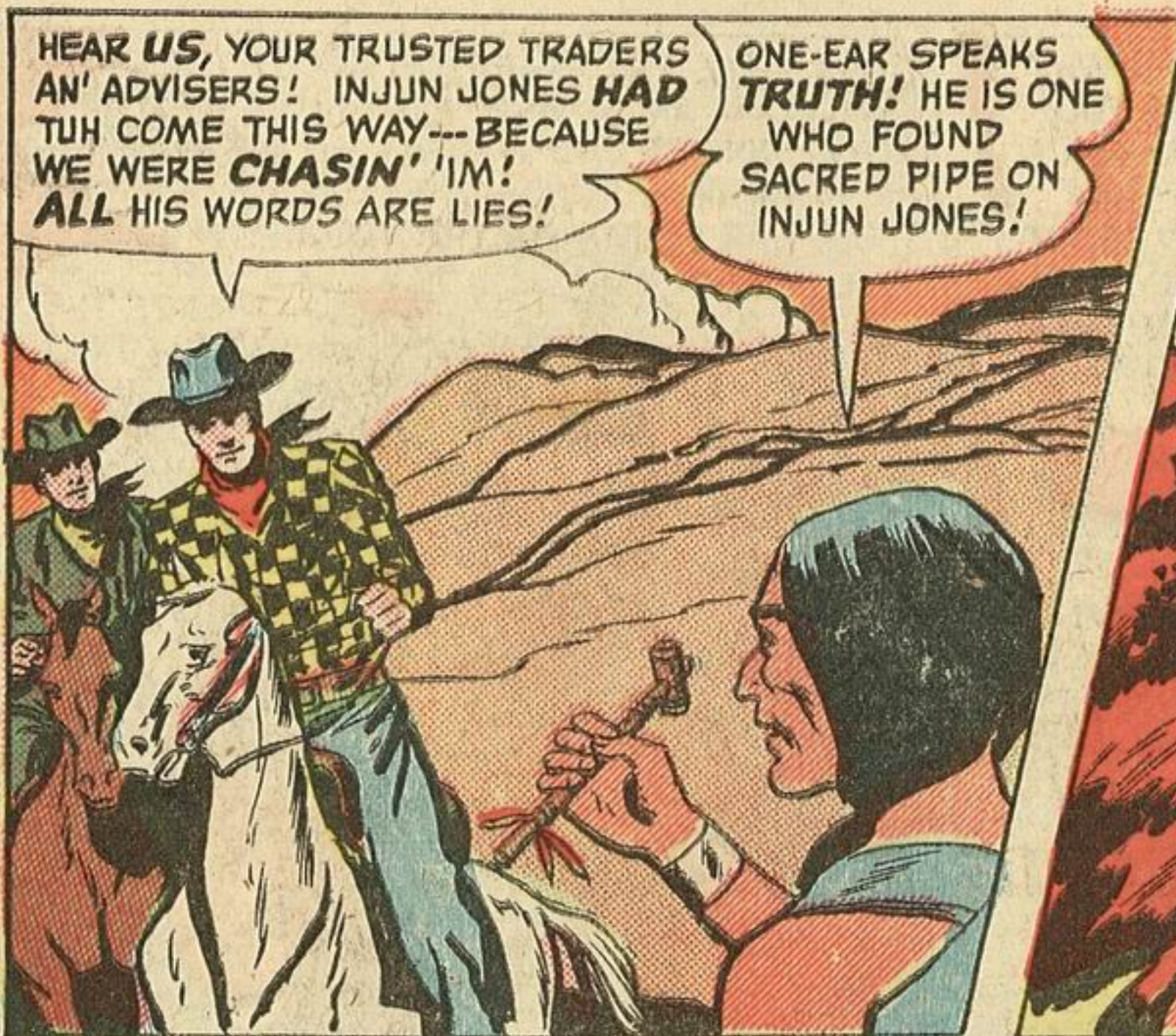
**WAM!**



**MOMENTS LATER...**

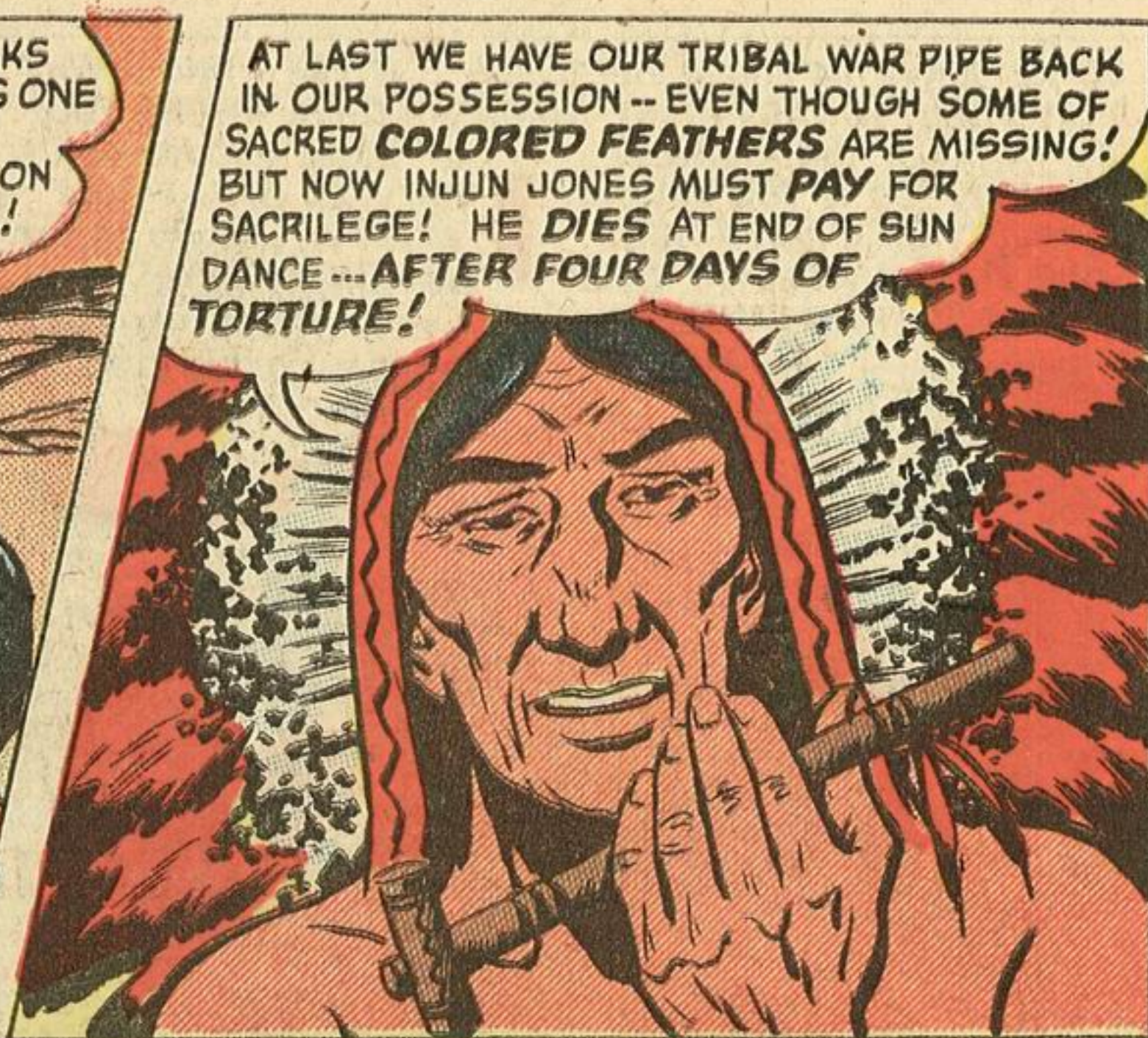
HERE ME, ARAPAHOS! IF I DID NOT  
COME IN PEACE, WHY DID I COME  
TO YOUR CAMP AT ALL, ALONE  
AND UNARMED? I CAME  
ONLY TO BRING YOU GREAT  
NEWS... OF A  
RAILROAD  
THAT WILL  
SOON --

**INJUN JONES  
LIES,  
ARAPAHOS!**



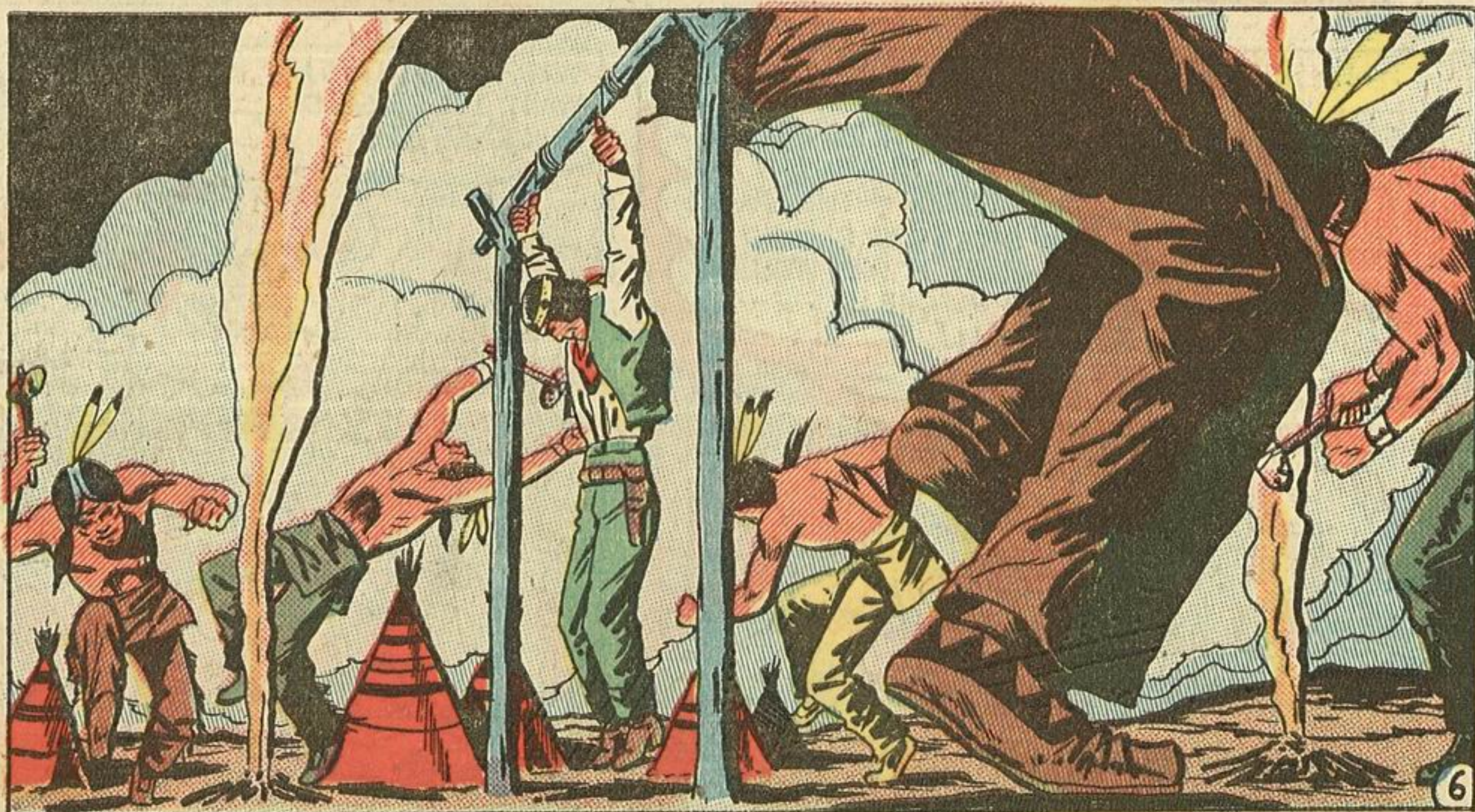
HEAR **US**, YOUR TRUSTED TRADERS  
AN' ADVISERS! INJUN JONES **HAD**  
TUH COME THIS WAY... BECAUSE  
WE WERE **CHASIN'** 'IM!  
**ALL HIS WORDS ARE LIES!**

**ONE-EAR SPEAKS  
TRUTH! HE IS ONE  
WHO FOUND  
SACRED PIPE ON  
INJUN JONES!**



AT LAST WE HAVE OUR TRIBAL WAR PIPE BACK  
IN OUR POSSESSION -- EVEN THOUGH SOME OF  
SACRED **COLORRED FEATHERS** ARE MISSING!  
BUT NOW INJUN JONES MUST **PAY** FOR  
SACRILEGE! HE **DIES** AT END OF SUN  
DANCE... **AFTER FOUR DAYS OF  
TORTURE!**

**FOR FOUR  
DAYS AND  
THREE  
NIGHTS,  
THE  
ARAPAH  
WARRIORS  
FAST  
AND  
PERFORM  
THE WILD  
RITUAL  
OF THE  
SUN  
DANCE...  
AROUND  
THE  
TORTURED  
BODY  
OF  
INJUN  
JONES!**





FINALLY, ON THE FOURTH NIGHT...

WE ARE ALL WEAK WITH FASTING---BUT NOW LET US RENEW OUR STRENGTH BY WATCHING OUR VICTIM'S DEATH! IGNITE HIS FUNERAL PYRE!

TO ARMS, ARAPAHO! ---THE APACHES ATTACK!

AS THE APACHES RIDE ROUGH-SHOD OVER THE HUNGER-WEAKENED ARAPAHO WARRIORS --

DEATH TO THE TORTURERS OF INJUN JONES!

IN THE MIDST OF THE TURMOIL OF BATTLE...

THIS IS WHAT WE WERE WAITIN' FER, ROD--- NOW LET'S VAMOOSE!

EVERYONE'S FORGOTTEN ABOUT ME --- BUT I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ABOUT THEM TWO POLECATS! LUCKY THAT ARAPAHO SET THE STRAW IN BACK OF ME AFIRE FUST--- IF I SCROUNCH DOWN A MITE, THE FIRE'LL EAT AWAY AT THE ROPESTYIN' MUH HANDS!



MOMENTS LATER... FREEDOM! THEN...

WHAT THE ---!



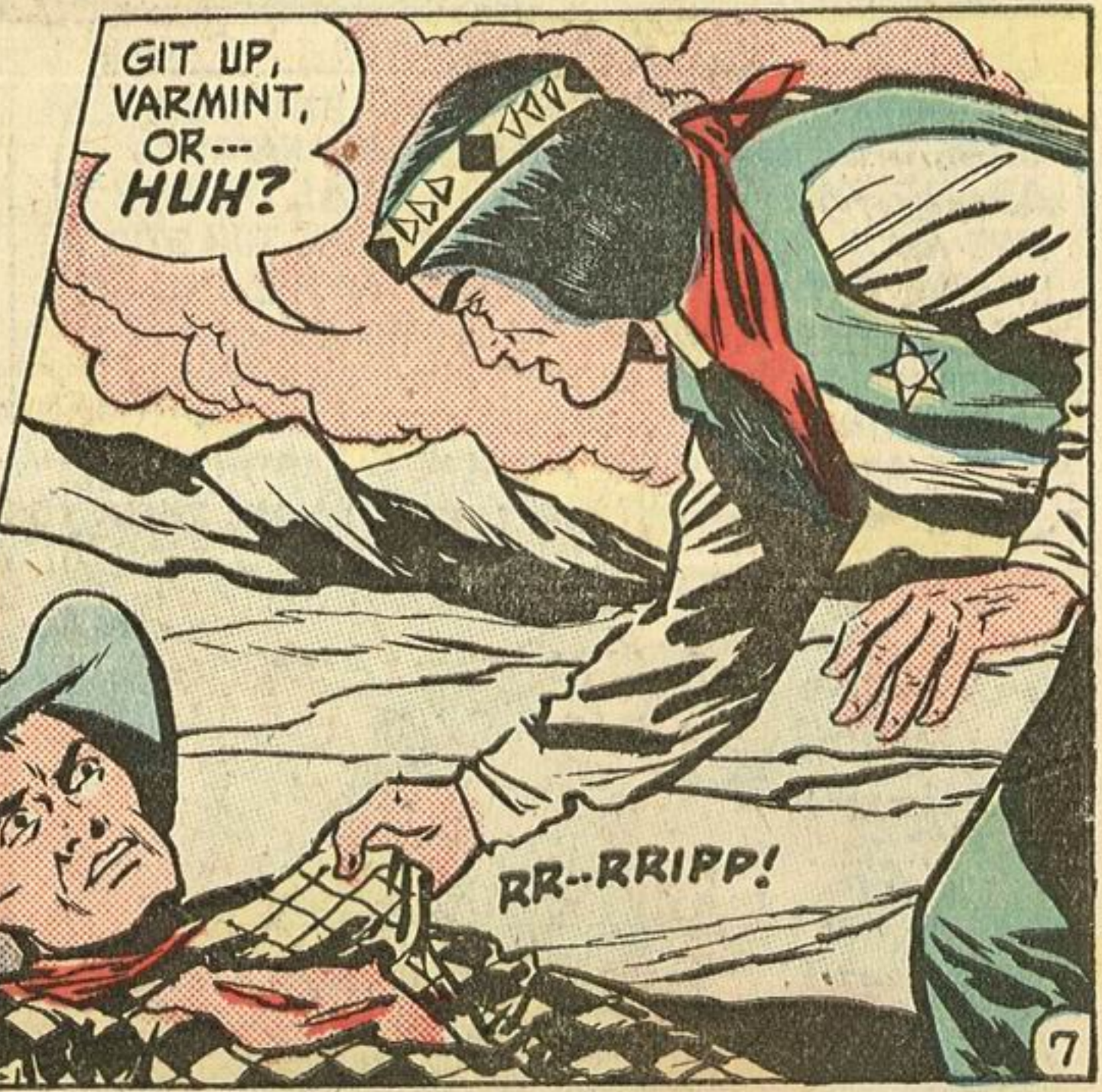
THIS'LL PUT YUH ON ICE --- WHILE I TEND TUH YORE COYOTE OF A PARDNER!



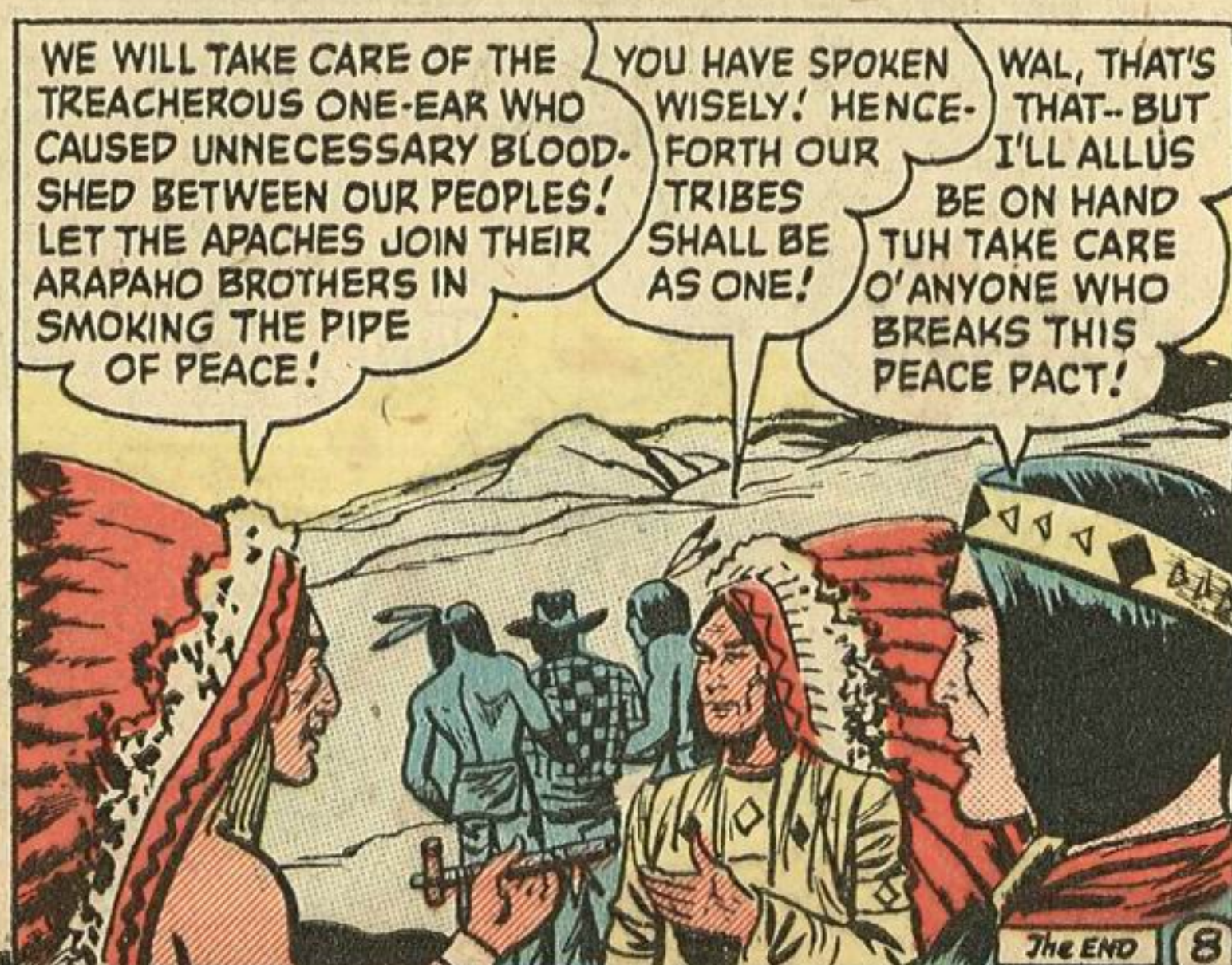
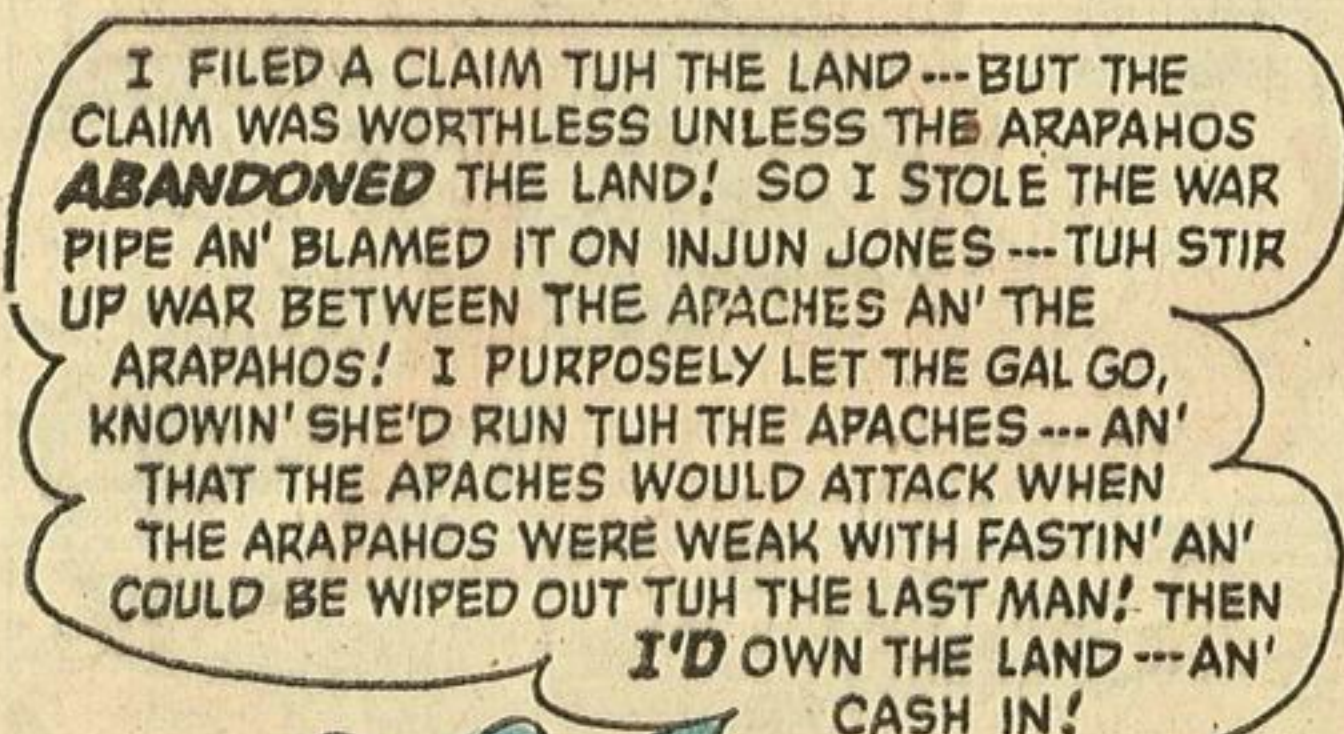
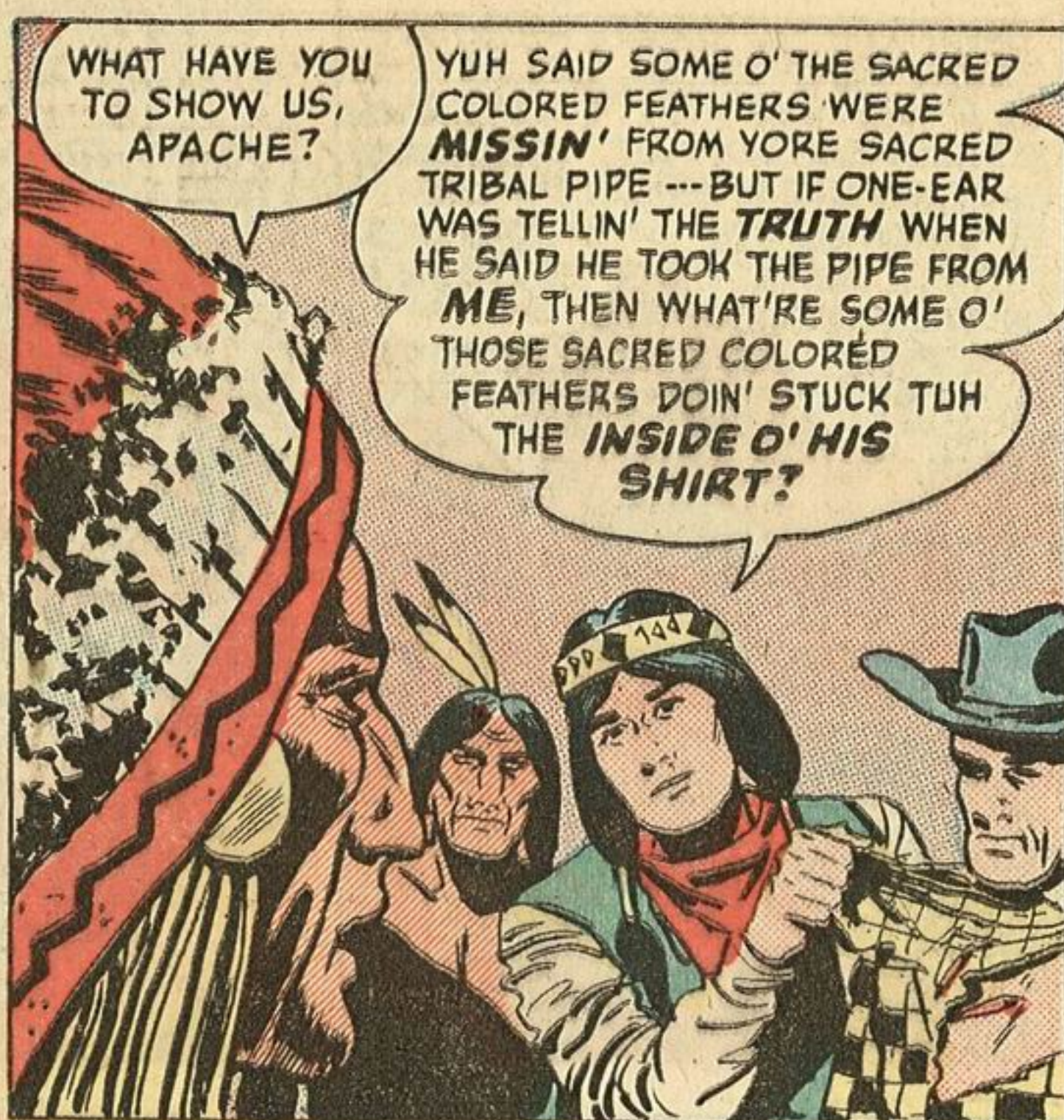
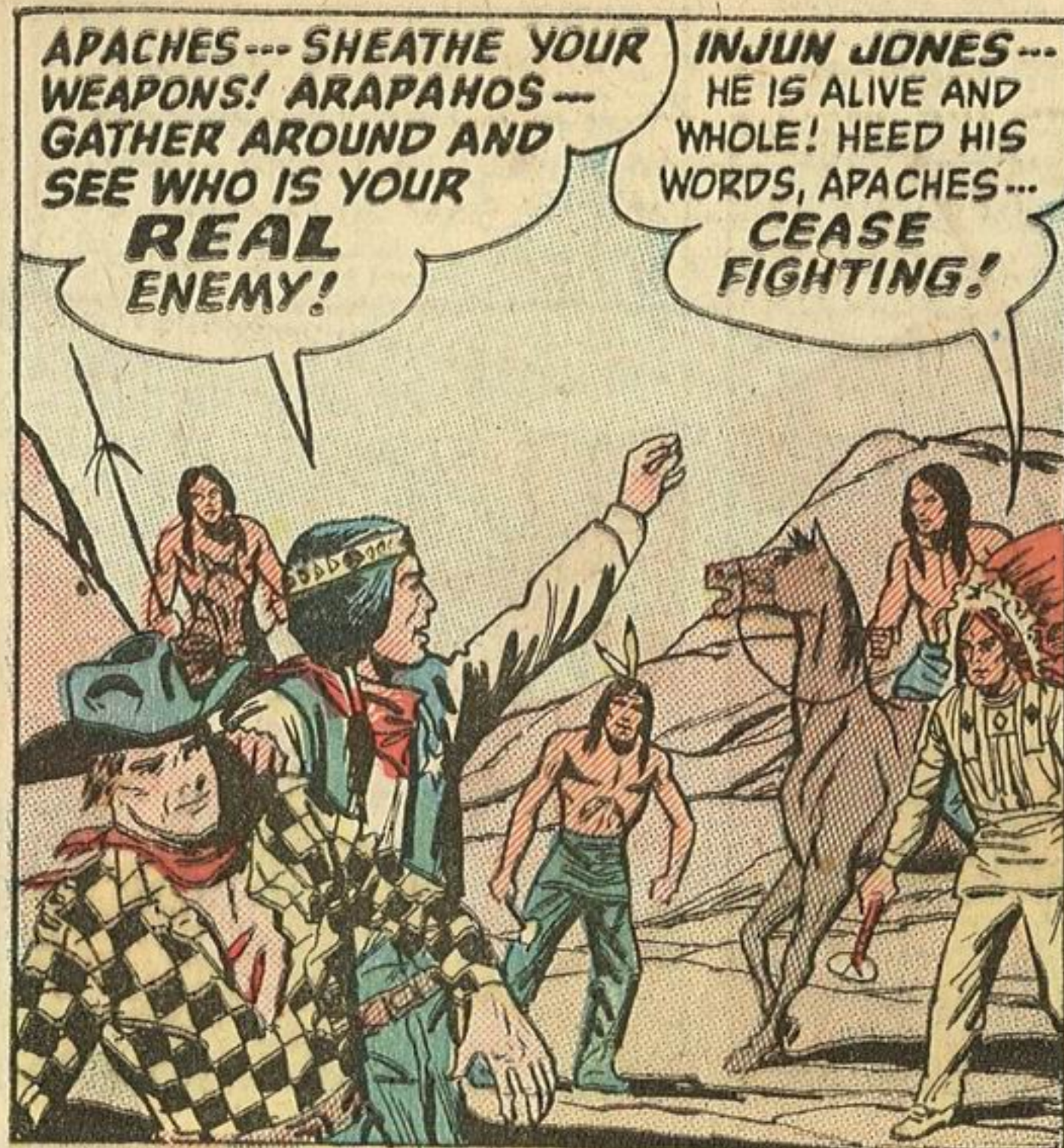
YUH'LL START TALKIN' FAST, ONE-EAR--- OR GIT THE BEATIN' O' YORE LIFE!



GIT UP, VARMIN'T, OR--- HUH?







INJUN JONES WILL BE ON HAND IN ANOTHER THRILLING SAGA OF THE OLD WEST --- IN THE **NEXT ISSUE!**



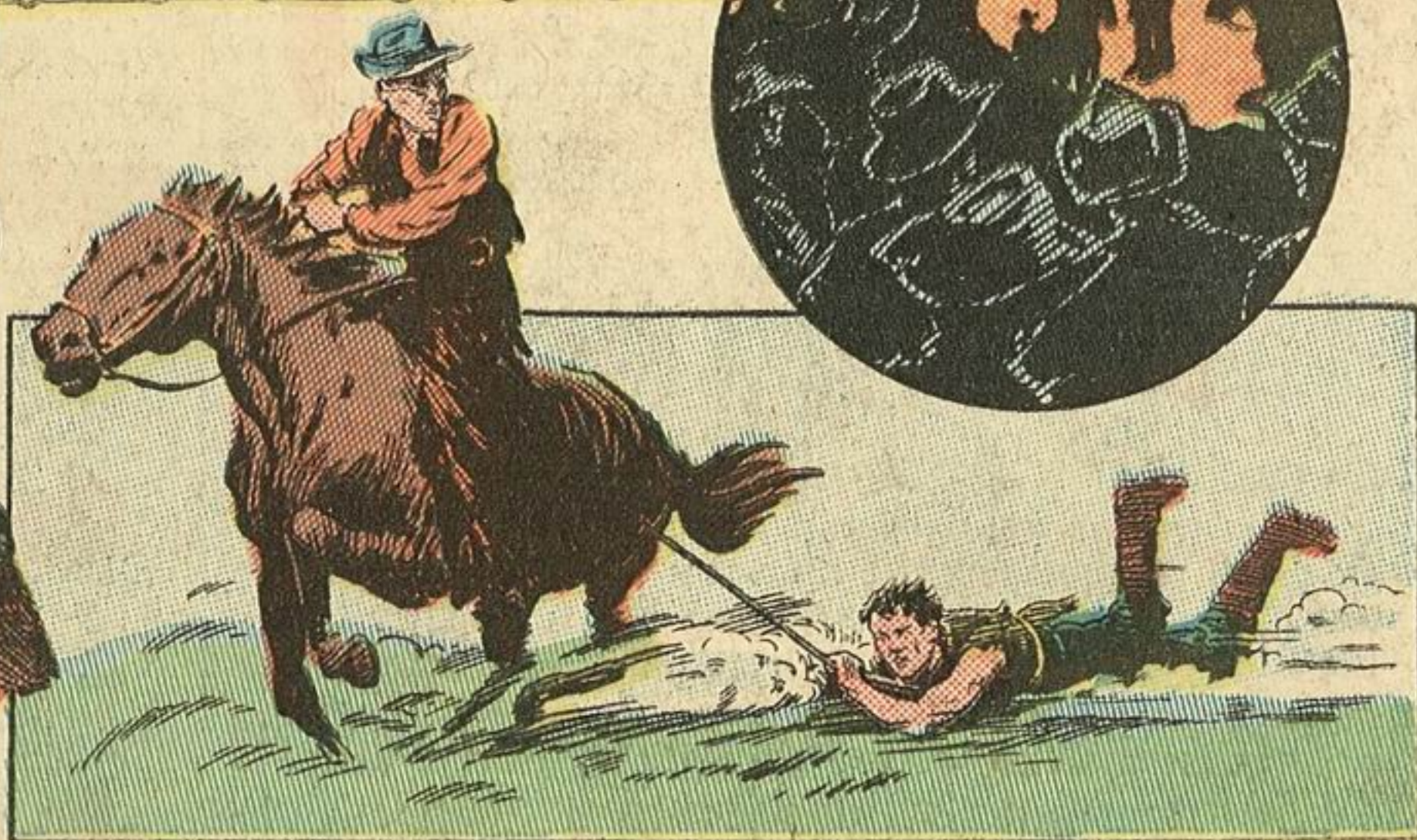
# BOOT HILL

ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS HILLS IN AMERICA FROM THE 1870'S ON WAS **BOOT HILL**-- DODGE CITY'S **CEMETERY**, FINAL RESTING PLACE OF SOME OF THE MOST NOTORIOUS GUNMEN EVER TO SLAP LEATHER!

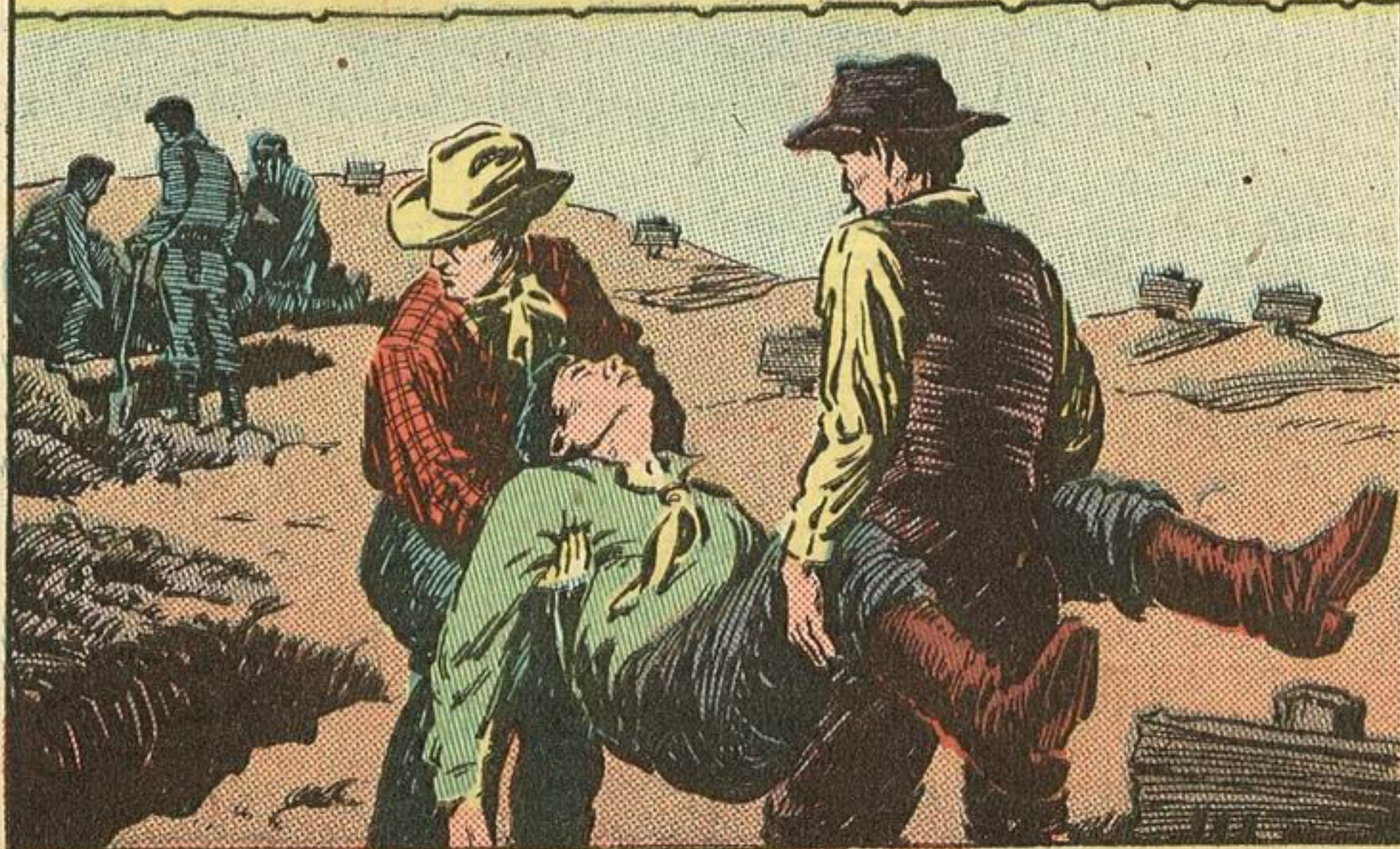
FROM THE YEAR OF ITS FOUNDING IN 1872, DODGE CITY WAS THE MECCA OF HORSETHIEVES, OUTLAWS, GUN-FIGHTERS, GAMBLERS, AND KILLERS-- AND ITS HANDFUL OF HONEST CITIZENS AND MERCHANTS LIVED IN CONSTANT FEAR FOR THEIR LIVES!



**K**ILLINGS BECAME COMMONPLACE.. AND THE MARSHALL OF DODGE CITY HAD A BUSY TIME OF IT!



HOW DID BOOT HILL GET ITS NAME? FROM THE FACT THAT NEARLY ALL ITS INHABITANTS DIED WITH THEIR **BOOTS ON** -- AND WERE **BURIED** IN THEM!



TODAY, BOOT HILL IS THE SITE OF A CITY HALL-- BUT THE GRAVEYARD'S FAME STILL LIVES ON IN MEN'S MEMORIES-- AND IN THE EPITAPHS PRESERVED IN STATE MUSEUMS!





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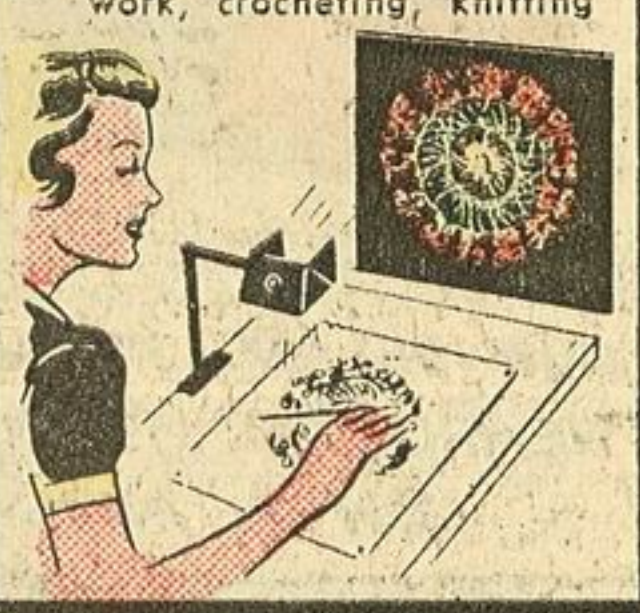
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What keeps the water in the loop? Amaze and mystify your friends with this sensational new "mystery" fish-bowl molded from clear durable plastic with a scientific tube loop. Fill it with approximately 1/2 gallon of water, as per our secret instructions, then insert two or three of your pet goldfish. You'll watch them for hours and hours as they frisk and frolic through the loop. The perfect compliment to any room. Decorates end-tables, bookcases, etc. Makes a wonderful gift. **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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**"Electra-JEEP"** the new 1952 sensation!  
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Here is the sensationally new scale model ELECTRA JEEP that captivates every child! Push the button and off she goes—forward, to the left, to the right, or reverse. Runs outdoors, on pavement or indoors on rug. Over 1/2 foot long with overall solid metal base and solid rubber wheels, and motor torque steering. Loads of fun for children and grownups alike! Rush your order today! **SEND NO MONEY.** (C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit with order, we pay postage.)

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the Doll whose HAIR YOU CAN WAVE!

**FREE HAIR WAVE KIT**

I have RUBBER WONDERSKIN!

**NEW!**



**TERRIFIC VALUE!**

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**HAPPY the COWBOY**

- HE'S OVER 19" TALL!
- MOVES HIS MOUTH, ARMS AND LEGS!
- REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

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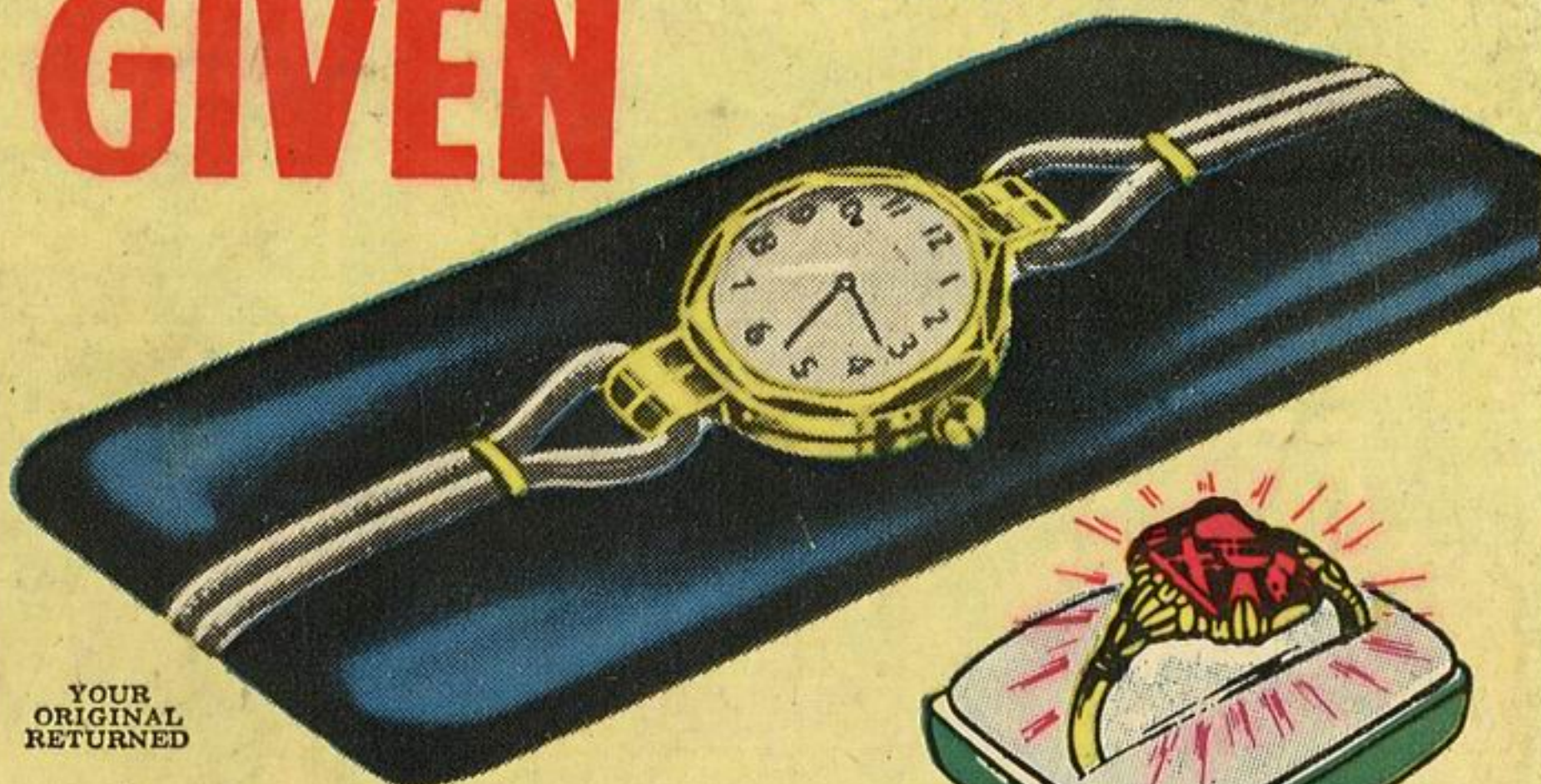


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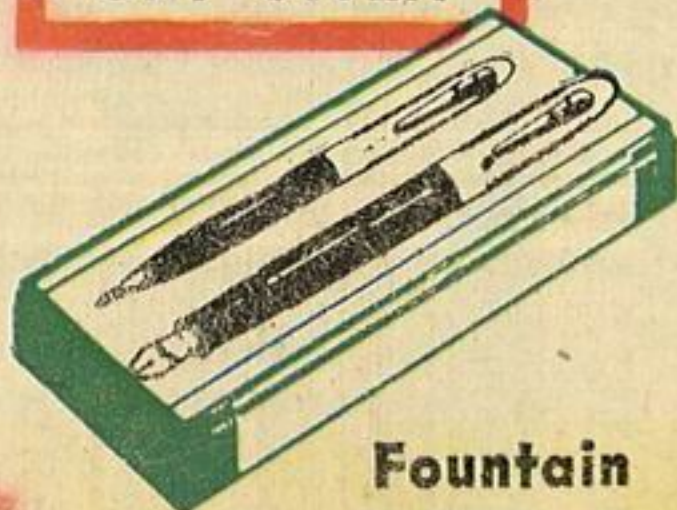


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